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# Saturday Review

JANUARY 27, 1962 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

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## A DIRECTION FOR THE WEST
By Barbara Ward

## SECRETARY GOLDBERG AND THE OPERA DILEMMA
By Irving Kolodin

## PHILADELPHIA'S RICH ART LODE
By Katharine Kuh

Features by Granville Hicks, John Ciardi, Martin Levin and others

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# Angel Presents the First Major Stereo Recording of "Tannhäuser"

We are proud to announce the first major stereophonic recording of Wagner's "Tannhäuser." The extraordinary cast of Bayreuth stars features Hans Hopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Elisabeth Grümmer, Gottlob Frick, and Marianne Schech. Franz Konwitschny conducts the chorus and orchestra of the German State Opera, Berlin.

This is a full-length, four-disc recording of the original Dresden version of the opera. It seems to us that the depth and scope of the stereophonic sound helps to capture much of the drama, spectacle, and immense richness of Wagner's music. (You can hear the famed "Pilgrims' Chorus" actually cross the stage.) Angel is most grateful to the contributing artists who have combined their talents to achieve what may very well be a definitive recording.

We are delighted, then, to add the new stereo "Tannhäuser" to our extensive roster of Wagner operas. Among them are four which deserve special note in this context: "The Flying Dutchman" (S)3616 C/L, featuring many of the same artists; "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" 3572 E/L; "Tristan und Isolde" 3588 E/L; and "Klemperer Conducts Wagner" (S)3610B, with a glittering selection of excerpts. This first major stereo recording is an outstanding success, we think. We hope you'll agree. TANNHÄUSER—RICHARD WAGNER (S)3620 D/L.

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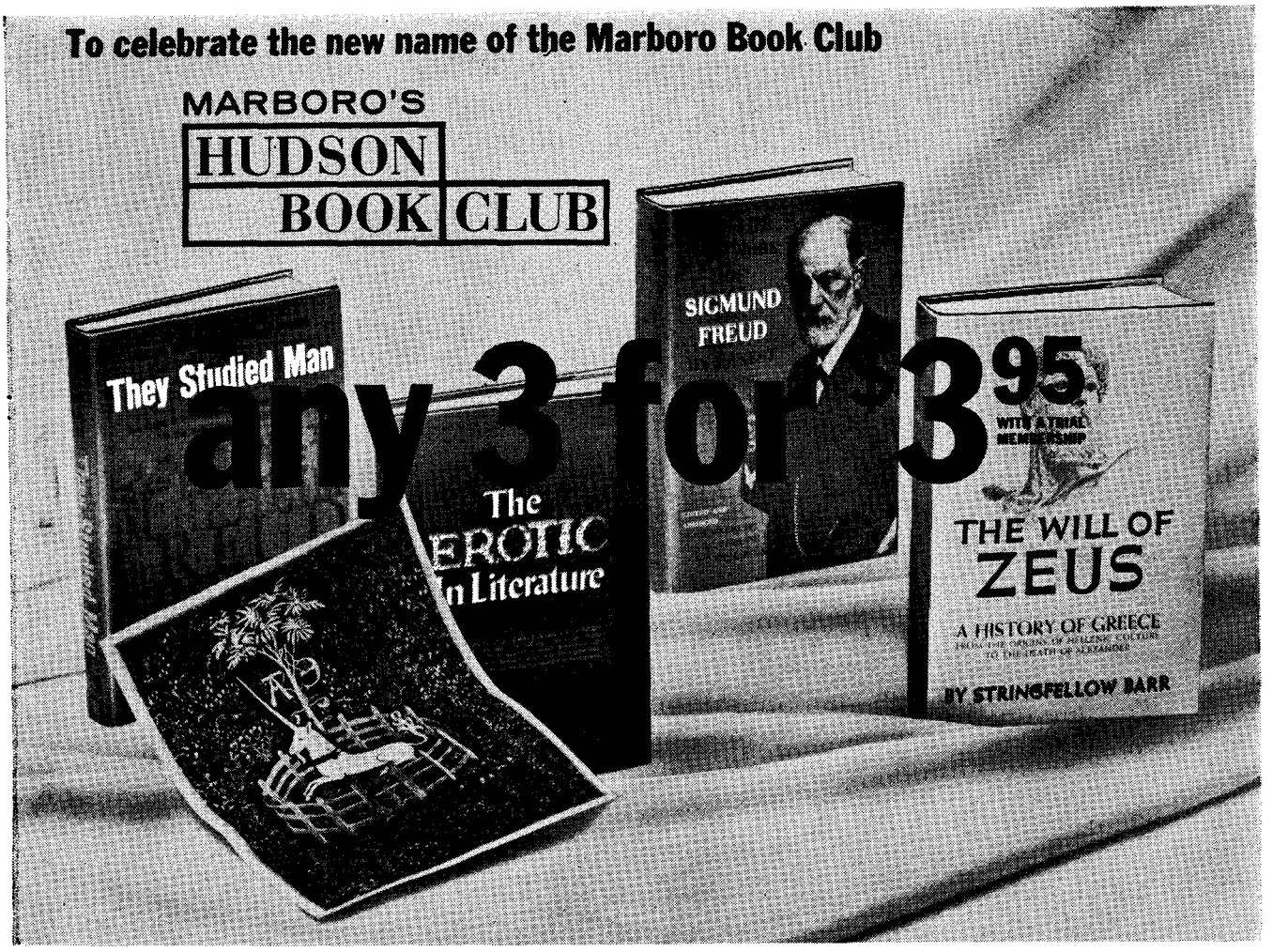


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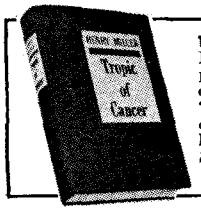


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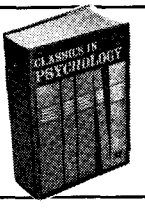


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*Saturday Review*

JANUARY 27, 1962

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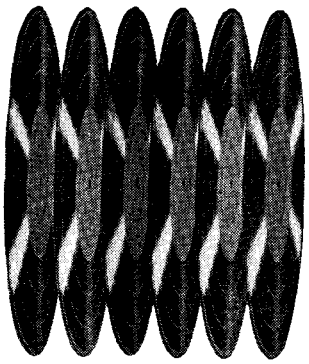

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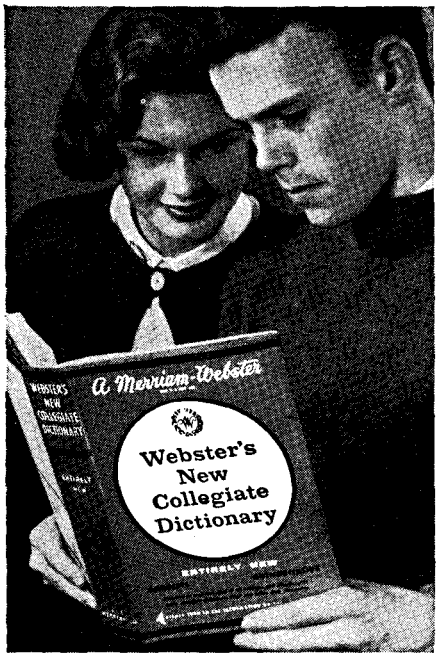


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# Offhand

NOT UNTIL all our secrets are buried with no hope of recovery does our past become knowable or interesting. But as long as we use that past and feed it, and hide it with our person, now this secret, now that one, will stand out. Stratifications, which took place horizontally, will break up, emerge in mountains, upsetting old chronologies.

THE VERY CONTACT of our feet with the ground brings about these telluric displacements in the geology of our lives and in the archeology it contains. Whether our mind, like a delicate instrument, registers what goes on under our feet or is the cause of it, we do not know. We only know that this relationship exists. Detached and rootless as we are, these roots follow us silently underground, and every place we torment with our steps is our new birthplace.

THERE IS AN archeology of the future which is never explored because more and more of it accumulates and greater weight of steps hammers it into place. All our time wasted lies ahead. Forgotten futures rise in front of us, obstruct our way. If we look at our past, we see so many faces looking at us: an illusion. We don't exist for them: we know they are looking past us. We should turn our backs to them, walk backward until we have them at our side, and still not look at them, only at the futures we shared with them and lost.

WAS THIS our future? We shall often ask ourselves, like diggers who are piercing a tunnel through a mountain without the slightest notion of the geography of the place, for the mountain is rising and the ground is volcanic. We advance in the dark, more with our hands than with our feet, and find ourselves in places unforeseen. Many never emerge.

SILENCE AT NIGHT is like an open book and we are the bookkeepers of the night. No noise can pass, unless identified. Often the morning comes, the ship of dreams has never left: we are still there, checking on documents.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.


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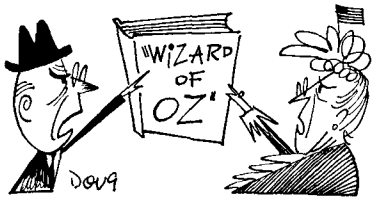
# TRADE Winds

**I'VE HAD A** preliminary glimpse at the "Freedom-to-Read Bulletin," edited by Roland E. Burdick for the American Book Publishers Council. Although I experienced a slight involuntary shiver as I did so, I devoured avidly the section dealing with the attacks on books




in U.S. schools in 1961. It's only when you read about the hundreds of such cases in one compilation that you realize how continual—last year as in the years before—were the efforts, often successful, to remove certain books from reading lists and from school library shelves, to cut pages from texts, and to discharge teachers who assigned so-called un-American or obscene books for reading.

From coast to coast, businessmen, housewives, clergymen, students, politicians are leaping up and objecting to titles and authors and demanding that they be censored. In many cases they haven't even read the objectionable books and admit it, but there are circulating throughout some areas of the country lists of disapproved books which give excerpts of the obscenities or else point out the subversive connections of the authors.

They draw aim on the same old targets, as a rule: Salinger, Orwell, Richard Wright, Uris, Steinbeck, and so on. But there are, as usual, some delightfully original attempts at censorship. Samples:

►PHOENIX, ARIZONA: Placed on the restricted shelves: "Brave New World," "The Magic Mountain," "Short Stories of Hemingway."

►PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIFORNIA: A student was told to take home his copy of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" because L. Frank Baum allegedly "had Communist sympathies."

►EAST BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA: The parish school board set up a three-man committee to censor all books, magazines, and films for school use. One member told a board meeting he had stopped subscribing to *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Saturday Review* because they were "objectionable."

►PONTIAC, MICHIGAN: Fifteen parents objected to "pornography" and "obscene language" in these books assigned students in the tenth and eleventh grades: "The Scarlet Letter," "The Good Earth," and "Drums Along the Mohawk." In "Drums" they complained that a half-wit servant girl went to live with an Indian. "The girl is punished for her sins," one woman said, "but I think she wound up well satisfied with the Indian."

►LEVITTOWN, NEW YORK: The local school board voted to ban "A History of the United States from the Age of Exploration to 1865" because the description of the Colonial practice of bundling was "in bad taste and immoral." This was done even after the chairman of the social studies department cut the offensive pages from the texts.

►CHANNELVIEW, TEXAS: In this Houston suburb a storm was aroused over "Living Biographies of Great Philosophers." The female leader of the drive to have the book removed from the high school library centered her complaint on the treatment of Plato, who, she reminded us, was a student of Socrates whom the people poisoned "for the ideas he was spreading." Plato talked about free love and communal living and, she added, "I can't help but believe that this is one reason we have so many sex maniacs walking around."

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the *Journal*, noting this, said it had heard so much about how Johnny can't read that it was startled to find Texas school children delving into Plato. "Educators everywhere ought to find out how Houston does it."

(The "Freedom-to-Read Bulletin" is available free of charge by writing to American Book Publishers Council, 58 West 40th Street, New York 18.)

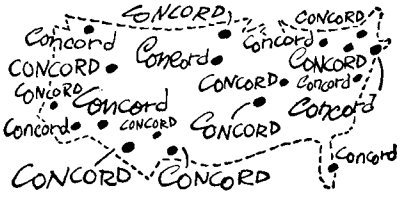
**IN DETROIT** Mark Beltaire told about the seven-year-old daughter of a teacher who was supposed to draw the Nativity scene for the class. She did a fine job, complete with Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and all the scenery. But in one corner was a short, fat man who didn't jibe with the original. Asked to explain him, the girl answered:

"That's Round John Virgin."

**GOOFS:** Readers are always cooperative enough to point out the mistakes I make and I don't mind, for they are always so nice about it. Like I said "hep" a little while back and a whole bunch jumped on me for being a square from another generation. "I am forced to inform you," admonishes Richard von Hallberg, "that hip replaced hep some years ago, making hep about as square as 'corny.' And 'square,' by the way, is currently employed only by those to whom it might well apply. The new term is 'clyde.'"

Mr. von Hallberg writes from Hollywood, where they are either way ahead or way behind the rest of us. He also objects to a recent report by an economist who said "there has been a definite downgrade in the upturn." And someone else, James Kirby of Wilmington, Delaware, tells me my column "fills a much-needed void," a phrase he discovered in *SR* some time back and which he has been saving for me.

From Ephraim, Wisconsin, comes a plaint from one of the 244 residents that when I wrote "north of Concord" I was not being very specific. It seems there are eighteen Concords in the U.S. And what do you know? There are two Ephraims.




Look, we are not alone. The University of Chicago Press wrote me a letter that referred to the enclosed "accordian circular." And a University of Michigan Press release used the word "acedemic." And Fleet has just brought out Alfred Sheinwold's new book which, accordian to the jacket, is titled "A Short Cut to Winining Bridge." And executive recruiter John L. Handy told an interviewer on a television show that he was looking for bold, challenging thinkers who could "meet a problem, get it off the ground, carry it through and wrap it up." How's that sound to you, Clyde?

—JEROME M. BEATTY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1451)

MILOVAN DJILAS:
*THE NEW CLASS*

Their adherence to obsolete dogma incites them to senseless actions. If the Communists just interpreted the world realistically, they might lose, but they would gain inevitably as human beings, as part of the human race.



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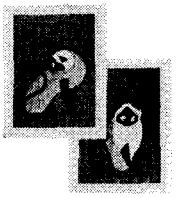


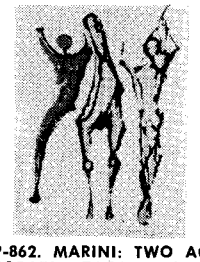
**P-847. JAPANESE CATS.** Cats in black, white and a soft bluish-gray, against a background of warm burnt sienna, on hand made Japanese rice paper. 19″ x 14″ picture on 24″ x 18″ sheet. Silk screen. *The pair, special* **3.95**

**P-768. FLOCK OF CRANES.** By Korin Ogata (1603-1680) a leading Japanese artist of the period. Stylized rendering of a procession of graceful, long-legged birds. The cranes, in black, white and gray, strut against a coppery background and a curved black river bend. 20″ x 35″. Silk screen. *Special* **3.95**

**P-866. KLEE: PUPPET SHOW.** A charming and nostalgic silk screen reproduction in bright yellow, blue, purple, red, magenta, green and pink. 23″ x 16½″. *Special* **3.95**

**P-870. MACGREGOR: OUTWARD BOUND.** The mingled blues and greens of a crisp, windswept sea are heightened by the clean whites of clouds, sails, gulls and breakers. 16″ x 24″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-867. MOSES SOYER: GIRL IN YELLOW.** A poignant study of a young girl reproduced beautifully in soft green, brighter yellow and subtle brown. 19¾″ x 16″. *Special* **1.98**



**P-862. MARINI: TWO ACROBATS.** Richly colored with black, gray, olive-green, yellow-ochre and red-orange. Silk screen. 22″ x 16″ picture on 26″ x 20″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

**P-861. MARINI: THE RIDER.** A familiar theme of this modern master, in black and gray with a red border. Silk screen. 20″ x 16″ picture on 26″ x 20″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

**P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR.** The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½″ x 23″. *Special* **3.95**

**P-860. MARC: THE BLUE HORSE.** Silk screen on Canvas. Blue horse against green, yellow, pink, gray, purple, red and orange. 24″ x 18″ picture, on 30″ x 20″ canvas. *Special* **7.95**

**P-859. WINSLOW HOMER: GULF STREAM.** A silk screen reproduction of one of Homer's most popular oil paintings, dominated by dark blue-greens, with grays, reds and browns. Original in Metropolitan Museum of Art. 12½″ x 20″ on 20″ x 26″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**

**P-804. EGYPTIAN BIRDS.** Detail of painted coffin, Middle Kingdom, ca. 1870 B.C. Multi-colored picture of two pintail ducks. Background of Egyptian motifs. 18″ x 26″ silk screen on parchment paper, 23″ x 32″. *Special* **3.95**

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**P-796. CHINESE SCROLL: KWAN YIN.** Goddess in dark blue, on hand-made Oriental feather rice paper. From temple rubbing by Wu Tao-tzu, influential T'ang Dynasty Master. 12″ x 39″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-795. MATISSE: CHARIOT.** A charmingly gay panel of highly decorative shapes in light purple, blue, green, orange and black dramatically set against a white background. Silk screen. 16½″ high x 38″ wide. Matisse at his most lighthearted. A magnificent wall decoration for home, office, or classroom. *Special* **2.98**

**P-792. GAUGUIN — ON CANVAS: SEATED GIRL.** A nut-brown Tahitian maid dominates a scene in sinuous lines. Black, red, dark brown, and broad areas of vivid yellow. Silk screened in rich, vibrant oil colors on a canvas roll 21″ x 31″. *Special* **7.95**

**P-775. PICASSO: TWO HARLEQUINS.** Segmented sections of red, gray, black, yellow, tan and white against a tan background. Silk screen. 22″ x 17″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-774. MODIGLIANI: SKETCH OF GIRL.** His unique view of femininity showing just how he developed his artistic vision. Strong black lines and various shades of red. Silk screen. 34″ x 23″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-816. RENOIR: CLOWN IN WHITE.** A portrait of his son in clown costume. Red-haired figure in pink and white; tan foreground against a blue and green background. Silk screen. 16″ x 22″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-735. PICASSO: PICADOR.** A mounted picador engages a charging bull against a background of brilliant blue. Silk screen. 30″ high x 23″ wide. *Special* **1.98**



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**P-734. PICASSO: BULLRING.** A bull, five toreros, and expectant crowd, reproduced from black-and-white linoleum block. Silk screen. 30″ x 23″.
*Special* **1.98**

**P-724. WINSLOW HOMER: FISHING BOATS, KEY WEST.** Small boat anchored in calm water alongside boat in deep shadow. White boat contrasts sharply with leaden sky and blue water. 14″ x 21¾″. Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

**P-871. BRAQUE: STILL LIFE.** Subdued grays, browns, olive green, brick red and black dominate the jewel tones of blue, green, pink, yellow and chalk white. Silk screen. 20″ x 25″ on 23″ x 35″ sheet.
*Special* **5.95**

**P-868. GAUGUIN: FAA IHEIHE.** Literally translated as *Decorated with Ornaments*, this vivid frieze celebrates Gauguin's return to youth and optimism after a suicide attempt. Orange-reds, mustard yellows and light greens are set off by deep brown and black accents in this splendid silk screen reproduction. 11″ x 35¼″ picture on a 13″ x 40″ sheet. *Special* **4.95**

**P-846. PICASSO: TOROS Y TOREROS.** Black figures and brilliant swashes of red, yellow, green and blue, set against a tan canvas-like background, on a heavy, textured stock. 24¼″ x 17¼″.
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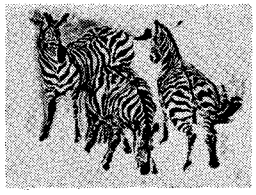
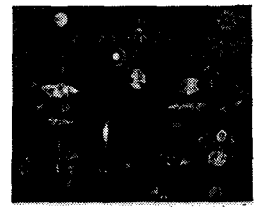
**P-723. WINSLOW HOMER: SLOOP, BERMUDA.** Watercolor with vibrant blues and greens, creamy whites evoking atmosphere of the sea against storm-gathering sky. 15″ x 21½″. Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**



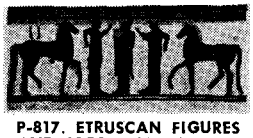
**P-848. ERNI: ZEBRAS.** Strikingly patterned animals in black, white and gray, with swashes of yellow and gray in the predominantly white background. Silk screen. 23″ x 30″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-844. GAUGUIN: NAFEA.** Two South Seas maidens in pink and red. Rich background of greens, orange, purples, yellow. Silk screen. 22½″ x 17″ on 35″ x 23″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**

**P-831. CHINESE CRANE.** By Wen-cheng (Ming Dynasty). Reproduced on silk in black, white, red, and yellow. Gray and brown background. Soft green border. 25¼″ x 17″ silk screen. *Special* **4.95**



**P-825. KLEE: FISH MAGIC.** Tropical fish in pink, red, blue and yellow. Underwater flowers of blue, pink and red against a red and blue-grey background. Silk screen. 17″ x 21¾″.
*Special* **3.95**



**P-817. ETRUSCAN FIGURES AND HORSES.** Simple, stylized figures in reddish-brown, green and black against a soft tan background; from the Tomb of the Baron, Tarquinii, painted about 510 B.C. 14″ high x 32″ wide. Silk screen reproduction of an ancient masterpiece.
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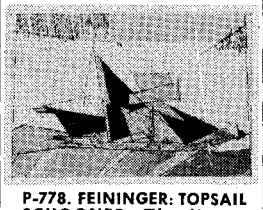

**P-778. FEININGER: TOPSAIL SCHOONER.** The linear sensitivity and precise construction of this unusual watercolor are matched by the fluidity of its tonalities of gray, blue, umber, yellow and black. Silk screen. 26½″ high x 30″ wide. *Special* **2.98**

**P-857. HOMER: PALM TREE, NASSAU.** Silk screen of famous watercolor. Mediterranean blues and greens against touches of gray, yellow, pink. 20″ x 14″ on 26″ x 20″ sheet.
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**P-829. FOUR LAUTREC POSTERS.** *Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril, Divan Japonais.* Vivid blacks, reds, greens, yellows. Each 30″ x 20″.
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**P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN.** A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17″ x 23¾″. *Special* **3.95**

**P-823. FRANZ MARC—ON CANVAS: RED HORSES.** A fine animal study by the modern German master. Brilliant reds, blues, blue-greens, yellows, and yellow-greens on an orange background, silk-screened in rich oils. 17″ x 26″ on a 20″ x 30″ canvas.
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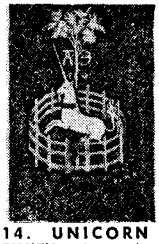
**P-808. DEER BY RIVER.** A golden screen painting from the 19th-century Japanese Toca School, magnificently reproduced by silk screen in shades of soft brown and white and glittering metallic gold, depicting a buck and two fawns, some foliage and a stream set against a vast expanse of golden sky. 20″ x 35″. *Special* **4.95**

**P-803. THE WEIGHING OF SOULS.** This stunning silk screen reproduction of a magnificent 6th century B.C. *Egyptian papyrus*, depicts the scene in the Hall of Double Justice where all souls are judged by Osiris. Figures in brown, green, blue and black against a tan background. 16″ x 40″ picture area on a sheet 17½″ high and 44″ wide. *Special* **2.98**

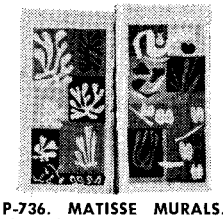
**P-739. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB.** A magnificent silk screen reproduction in red pigment of a priceless Chinese stone rubbing over 2,000 years old, capturing every mark and scar of the ancient stone on which the brilliant Chang Dynasty artist worked. 15″ high x 52″ wide. *Very special* **4.95**

**P-813. MATISSE: THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.** Shapes both exotic and familiar, hearts, stars, foliage, Alladin's lamp, and abstractions, fill this myriad-colored silk screen reproduction; in purple, orange, blue, yellow, black, green, red and dozens of shades of these colors. 16″ x 38″. *Special* **2.98**



**P-814. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY.** A serigraph after the most famous of the Unicorn Tapestries; the white unicorn in a pale brown enclosure against a green background. 23″ x 35″. *Special* **5.95**

**P-777. ILLUMINATED MUSIC MANUSCRIPT.** Imported vellum simulates time-worn beauty of 16th century original. Black and red hand-lettered bars. Initial letter of gold, purple, green, red, blue. 27½″ x 19¾″. *Special* **4.95**



**P-736. MATISSE MURALS.** Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½″ x 14″. White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Limited ed.
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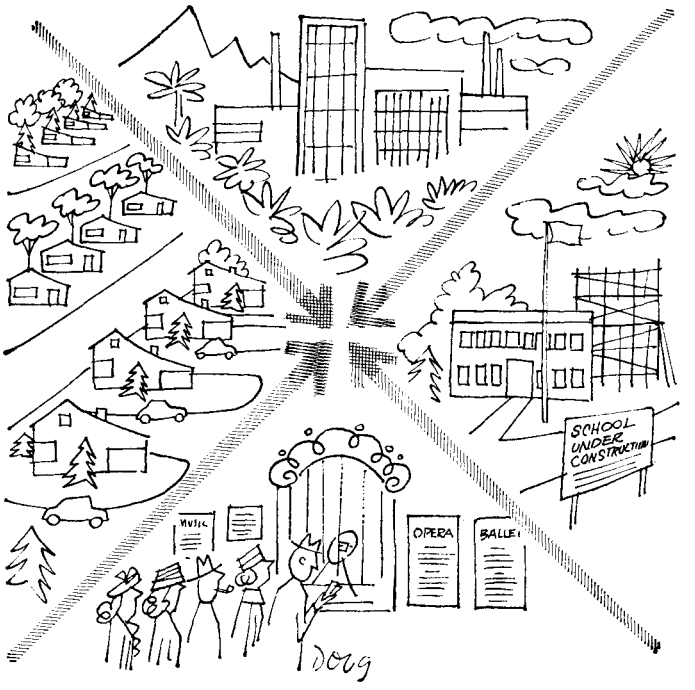
*Saturday Review*
JANUARY 27, 1962

# A DIRECTION FOR THE WEST




By BARBARA WARD, *British economist and political analyst, author of "The West at Bay" and the forthcoming "The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations," among other works. This article is published by special arrangement with the editors of General Electric Forum, a quarterly devoted to the discussion of national and world issues.*

"IF WE could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could then better judge what to do and how to do it." The words are Abraham Lincoln's but the dilemma is our own. Over the last decade, we in the Western world have become more and more aware of being under steady, undermining attack. We have felt our institutions threatened, our aims thwarted, our pretensions mocked. After 300 years of world-wide dominance, nothing in our experience prepares us for this sense of insecurity; our temptation is to lash out at it blindly and angrily. But there is no safety in such reactions. We must know "where we are and whither we are tending." Otherwise, we shall fight against symptoms, not causes, and battle with shadows whereas our real struggle is with the angel of history itself.

The point can be quickly illustrated. Just over a hundred years ago, Western power in the Far East began to seem virtually irresistible. The Western merchants with their new goods and vessels, the Western soldiers with their new weapons, moved inexorably in. It was the first rising, in the China Sea, of the great tide of modern science and technology. In China, the Westerners were dismissed as "barbarians" and blamed for all the disruption they brought with them. Their techniques were ignored while a passionate rear-guard action was fought to keep old Mandarin society unaltered down to its last ceremonious particular. Within fifty years, Chinese society all but collapsed and then entered on another fifty years of anarchy.

In Japan, on the contrary, the West had been studied by leaders and soldiers long before Commodore Perry arrived to demand the opening of the Hermit Kingdom. Westerners were seen not as "barbarians" but as representatives of a new type of society which, to resist, Japan would need in some measure to assimilate. Heroic readjustments – including profound structural changes such as the abolition of feudal land tenure—were made, and within fifty years the West regarded Japan as an equal. In short, the Chinese suffered history; the Japanese controlled it. A similar choice confronts the West today.

Communist pressure on our contemporary society to some degree resembles Western pressure on the Far East a century ago. We can, like the Manchu dynasty in China, regard our adversaries as "red devils" and attribute all the disruption they cause to an immoral and violent conspiracy. Or we can, like the Japanese, look at the pressure not so much as a pressure exercised by malevolent enemies but rather as a deeper historical pressure of change and upheaval which they simply project and exploit.

Which of these interpretations should we choose? Let us look at three areas in which we are most keenly aware of Communist competition and challenge. They force us to confront the issue of a working world order for mankind, in part by their boasts that it will be Communist ("We will bury you"), in part by the frightful dangers of the arms race in which both sides are engaged. Again, they compel us to consider the future allegiance of the "uncommitted" third of humanity by their claim that capitalism simply exploits the underdeveloped peoples whereas Communism offers them the way to both equality and abundance. And this claim is in turn part of their more fundamental credo—that only Communism has the secret of long-term economic expansion and can confidently promise its people standards of living which by 1980, so goes the boast, will be half



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as high again as those in stagnant, inhibited, self-contradictory capitalist economies.

Clearly in this confrontation between Communism and the West, none of the basic conditions has been created by the Communists. We need some form of coherent world order because science has annihilated space, opened up instant communication, and made the world a single neighborhood of potential destruction. Equally, the Communists did not create the desires and tensions of the emergent peoples. Modern industry and technology drew them into the web of world trade and set their feet in the first rung of the ladder of a modern economy. Communists or no Communists, they would try to climb the rest of the way.

As for the dream of abundance, science and technology are making it not a dream, but a fact. In the developed world of the West, living standards are higher than ever before; yet some $60 billion is spent on arms each year. An American road program can swallow up as much money in a few years. A space program will do the same. Yet men are unemployed, food is in surplus, oil is in surplus, aluminum threatens a surplus, steel capacity is not fully used, most colonial products are in surplus. In spite of the immensity of demand, science keeps supply ahead of it. If, therefore, the Communists say they will increase their national income by 5 or 6 per cent a year, there is no reason to doubt their ability. They have been doing so for years. So have Italy and West Germany and, more recently, France. And the reason is the same. Science and technology have created the preconditions and the materials for abundance. All that is needed is the community's decision to mobilize them, by one means or another, to the full.

Nor is the picture any different in other areas of Communist challenge. We may become aware of the need for more widespread, vigorous, and scientific education as a result of Russia's Sputnik. But the need for such education is inherent in our growing technological sophistication. We may reach out into space to answer a Soviet challenge. But the decision to explore the upper air was in fact made when the new technology first took Orville Wright a few feet off the ground. Soviet competitiveness does no more than underline in more violent colors challenges and upheavals that are inherent in the fact that we are living through the greatest revolution humanity has ever known — the revolution of scientific change.

Nothing like it has ever happened before. When mankind moved from hunting and fishing to settled agriculture and the city-state, the change stretched over millenia. Even so, it modified every human habit and institution. Today, changes of infinitely greater magnitude are occurring in decades, not even in centuries. Everything is exploding—population, knowledge, communication, resources, cities, space itself. These are the forces of change which we have to understand and master. Communism is in a sense incidental. It exploits a revolution it did not create, and its pretension to produce satisfactory human solutions is answered by the wall across Berlin.

Communist success or failure is not the point. The fundamental question is whether we in the West are able to confront the challenge of our times. And here we face the agonizing difficulty that some of the creative responses we need to make run deeply against the grain of our traditional thinking. The analogy from China and Japan is again relevant. China was so dedicated to the old rule of courtly Mandarin and country gentleman that it could not renew its leadership in terms of the new forces of industry and city, of entrepreneur and industrialist. But Japan did so, even at the cost of root and branch land reform, and then was able to counter the new pressures from the West.

TODAY, in each of the major areas of challenge—international order, the developing world, the use of our abundance—we are inhibited by attitudes inherited from our prescientific past. The attitudes are dear to us. We can modify them only with great distress and questioning. But these are precisely the pains of any great historical transformation. History does not offer men only the easy options. It tends to come up on their blind side and challenge them precisely where their interests and beliefs are most deeply engaged.

We instinctively distrust the idea of an organized international society because our emotional allegiance is still to our own isolated, independent, sovereign nation. We instinctively question the idea of a special effort or program to speed the development of the emergent peoples, for we inherit the belief that "normal" trade and investment should govern the relations between sovereign states, developed or otherwise. And we tend to reject the idea of a sustained program of economic growth—by whatever percentage a year —because our instincts still regard "big government" as a menace anl private activity as the really legitimate tool of economic expansion.

Now, as we have seen, Communism rejects all these reactions. What is more serious is that the facts of our scientific age belie them too. No nation can be isolated in the atomic age. Fallout rains down on the committed and uncommitted alike. The underdeveloped areas cannot speed up their growth without special long-term assistance since "normal" investment tends to go to wealthy countries, while in "normal" world commerce the price of manufactured goods produced in developed countries goes up while the price of raw materials produced in emergent territories goes down. The national circuit is making the rich richer while the poor lag further behind.

Above all, the experience of the last decades underlines the fact that private demand alone does not unlock the full range of modern scientific production. It took a vast arms effort to jerk American industry to double its size after 1940. It took the Marshall Plan to push Europe into the new pattern of the mass consumption economy. American food production, maintained by government aid, so far outstrips American—or Western—demand that the surpluses, grown on less and less land, could feed a hungry world. And Europe's farming now promises to show the same surge. In short, the astonishing secret of the modern scientific economy is that, after a certain stage of development, we can have what, as a community, we decide to have. Imagination is not limited by scarce resources. On the contrary, resources are limited by scarce imagination. Yet it is broadly true to say that in the West today this freedom of imagination comes only when—as with arms or the space race—fear is involved. Even education has had to beg for funds under the guise of national security.

This, then, is the agonizing confrontation of needs and policies in the West today. It is possible to plan purposefully — through public agencies, through private agencies, through the cooperation of both—for an abundant world. But to many Western minds planning is seen as the abdication of freedom to total government. This is their core of orthodoxy. Here, as with the Manchus and their ancient tradition, they are more willing to face defeat than to compromise.

Happily, however, the choice is not in fact so stark. To opt for purposive policies aimed at abundance does not involve slavery or totalitarianism or total



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government control. A profound inventiveness has marked much of Western policy since 1945, and on every side there are now creative experiments to show how abundance can be organized in freedom. The Common Market proves that free nations can concert their policies and achieve greater cooperation. France's Monnet Plan has shown how sensible governmental direction can stimulate free enterprise to new vigor while strengthening the country's social capital. Britain is tentatively adopting the same approach. The example of West Germany, Sweden, and Holland has shown how wise restraint by trade unions and careful consultation between government, labor, and management can check potential inflation and allow rapid growth to be combined with stable prices. All these experiments point to the way the West must go—to closer international cooperation in the Atlantic area as the nucleus of world order, to Western support for quicker economic growth in new Common Markets in Latin America, in Africa, in Asia, to consistent Western programs for higher, steadier domestic expansion, for bolder aims in education, in culture, in better urban living, and for prosperous, free economies rolling forward on the two essential wheels of lively private expansion and vigorous public investment.

These are not pipe dreams. They have been partially achieved. What is needed now is that we should generalize them, weave them into an accepted grand strategy, and then challenge Communism at its most vulnerable point, saying to the world: We can give you cooperation, abundance, growth, more equal sharing—and we can give you freedom too.

YET can freedom in fact be preserved in this age? It has become a commonplace of our times to argue that modern trends—toward a more complex technological environment, toward a wider role for government, toward greater international action—all threaten to dwarf the ordinary citizen and to reduce him to a puppet of forces he neither understands nor controls. What are we to say to these fears?

First of all, we must ask what kind of freedom is in question. That a farmer in Jefferson's day had more "freedom" than a city dweller is true in that his life was less complex, less hemmed in by other people, more guided by individual choices. But that kind of freedom vanished with the coming of industry and the cities. The freedom we have to define is freedom in the modern, increasingly urban world — above all, freedom to participate in the social process, and freedom to influence political decisions in an effective way. And it is by no means clear that these freedoms are less than they were.

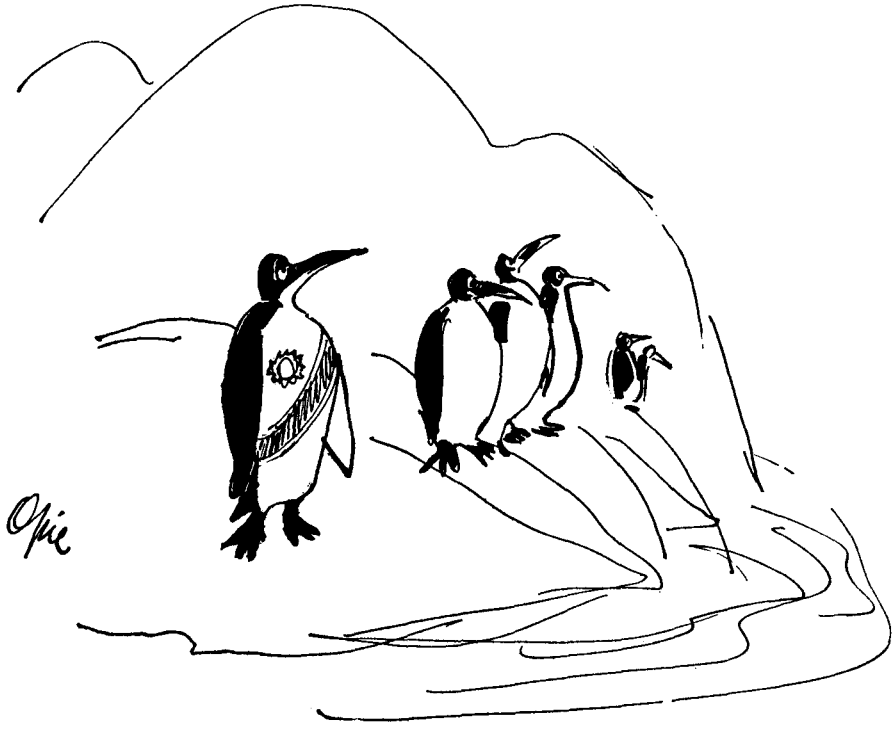
Let us take the three elements of risk —our more complex technological background, the increased activity of government, the greater range of international action. Do they necessarily decrease existing freedoms? A good case can, on the contrary, be made for the argument that the average man has rather more elbow room today. When the modern industrial and technological frame of our society was built in the nineteenth century, the overwhelming majority of citizens had no say in it at all. The vast social influence exercised by business decisions flowed from autocratic rule with virtually no public participation. Today, all is changed. Big decisions—for instance, to shift a whole industry out of a city—are usually taken in close cooperation with local authorities. There is infinitely more consultation within the plant. The majority thus have more influence over their immediate environment. Increasing industrial sophistication in the West has led to more industrial democracy, not less.

Does the increasing role of government reduce the citizen's freedom? It depends in part on the kind of governmental intervention. To give the most obvious instance, a ban on child labor reduces the "freedom" of a few industrialists, while increasing the freedom of a lot of children. But the decisive issue is whether government today is more responsive to public opinion, more open to intervention by individual citizens, more aware of shifts and changes in public mood. And it can be argued that it is all these things.

One important reason for the change is undoubtedly the very great increase in effective communication. Too often this fact is seen as a potential danger—that of government propaganda manipulating a bemused citizenry. But it also works the other way. The web of mass media which makes the Western world one vast sounding board allows the citizen to speak up in a totally new fashion. There are few forgotten "village Hampdens" or "mute, inglorious Miltons" these days. Anyone who has anything worth saying, any group that has anything worth doing can be fairly sure of reaching the mass circulation media and of having the experiment discussed from end to end of the country. And it then becomes a factor influencing government via the pressure of public opinion.

Another aspect of increased communication is the ease with which government can be made to feel the changes of mood and outlook among majorities and minorities. This has its dangers. Governments may listen too

(*Continued on page* 59)



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# Life's Pirouettes and Pavanes

By Granville Hicks

THREE British novelists have undertaken ambitious series in the years since the war: Lawrence Durrell, C. P. Snow, and Anthony Powell. Durrell's "The Alexandria Quartet" is dramatic in plot, experimental in form, and wildly poetic in style. C. P. Snow's "Strangers and Brothers," of which eight volumes have appeared, is sober in tone, conventional in method, broad in scope. Powell's "The Music of Time," which thus far has five volumes, is different from the other two in many ways, but particularly in its gaiety; even when the author is wholly serious, his touch is light.

The early volumes of the Powell series have not been easy to lay hands on, and Little, Brown has done a good turn to readers by issuing the first three novels bound together as **"A Dance to the Music of Time"** ($5.95). These three, together with "At Lady Molly's" and "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant," which are available, make up the series as far as it has gone. I have no idea how many volumes Powell plans to write.

Comparing Powell's series with Snow's may help to define the range and method of the former. Both deal with recent history, roughly the period from 1920 to somewhere near the present. (I am guessing about Powell's intentions.) In each there is a narrator, who is more or less autobiographical, and in each the narrator moves through wide social areas. Here the resemblances stop. Snow's narrator, Lewis Eliot, is the central figure in some novels, whereas in others he is primarily an observer; Powell's Nick Jenkins always holds the same position, simultaneously participant and looker-on. Snow's novels frequently overlap, and they can be read in almost any order; Powell moves ahead in straightforward chronological fashion. Snow is conscientiously trying to give a representative picture of British society, whereas Powell seems to take his materials as he finds them, or, perhaps, as in his own experience he did find them.

Powell's conception of his work is suggested by a passage that appears at the beginning of the series. Watching some workmen gathered about a fire, Nick Jenkins thinks of the ancient world, and then his imagination makes a further leap:

> These classical projections, and something in the physical attitudes of the men themselves as they turned from the fire, suddenly suggested Poussin's scene in which the Seasons, hand in hand and facing outward, tread in rhythm to the notes of the lyre that the winged and naked graybeard plays. The image of Time brought thoughts of mortality: of human beings, facing outward like the Seasons, moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape: or breaking into seemingly senseless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance.

"A Question of Upbringing" introduces Nick Jenkins in 1921 as a student at Eton, takes him to France for a summer, and shows him at Oxford. We meet several of his schoolfellows, some of whom figure in later volumes of the series. There is Widmerpool, for example, who is noted for wearing the wrong kind of overcoat. Hard-working, ambitious, he makes his way from blunder to blunder. There are Templer and Stringham, bolder and more sophisticated than Nick. Then there is one of the masters, Le Bas, on whom the boys play a dirty trick. The ingredients are of the simplest: the experiences of a boy of good but not eminent family, his increasing awareness of the complexities of the class structure, his first skirmishes on the field of sex. But all this is described with such charm and insight that the reader's interest is immediately engaged.

With "A Buyer's Market" we move into the later Twenties. Nick's world has naturally broadened, and we meet a variety of new characters—a painter, an eccentric dealer in antiques, a couple of young writers on the make, some titled ladies and gentlemen. Mentioning his frequent encounters at this time with Widmerpool, Nick observes, "I did not, however, as yet see him as one of those symbolic figures, of whom most people possess at least one example, if not more, round whom the past and the future have a way of assembling." There is a big party, the first of many in the series, and Powell shows his adroitness in handling a considerable mass of people.

"The Acceptance World" brings us to the early Thirties; there is talk of hunger marches and peace demonstrations, and the names of Marx and Trotsky are mentioned. The dance continues at a lively pace, with new characters constantly taking part and old characters reappearing, to be seen in new guises. Widmerpool is there, of course, and Templer and Stringham, and others who have laid hold on our attention. The climax is a dinner, magnificently described, that Nick and other old boys give in honor of Le Bas, master of their house at Eton.

From these novels one can go on to "At Lady Molly's" and "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant," and then one can wait impatiently for the succeeding volumes of the series. Powell has a great gift for the creation of character, a really imposing gift. One meets these many people, feels almost immediately that one knows them, and is thereafter fascinated by their actions. Scene follows scene, and the reader finds himself involved in each. The movement of the dance is so varied, so colorful, and sometimes so raucous that one is reminded not of Poussin but of Breughel.

Powell has sometimes been compared to Proust, and both his general design and some specific touches are clearly Proustian; note, for instance, the evocative power of the song of the woman on crutches at the beginning of "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant." On the other hand, Powell has not imitated Proust, nor has he tried to equal him in profundity. He simply takes pleasure in the patterns that time forms, in the strange, revealing, often absurd juxtapositions that come about, and, with the utmost skill, he arranges these patterns for the delight of the reader.

Perhaps the most important thing to say about Powell is that he is entertaining in a way that not many writers are, but it would be a mistake to underestimate either his intelligence or his creative power. Evelyn Waugh has called him "quintessentially English," and that is probably just. Nevertheless, he has created a world that Americans can enter into almost if not quite as readily as Englishmen, because, in the last analysis, it is his world, something that the author has brought into existence and given substance.



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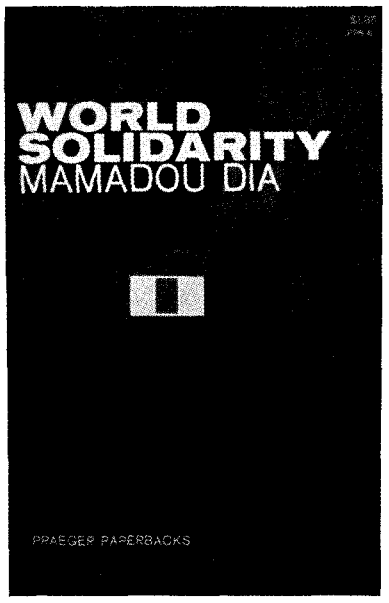
## *Book in the News*




By Peter Ritner, *author of "The Death of Africa."*

A FINE scholar and a fine stylist, Senegal Premier Mamadou Dia does honor to his country—and incidentally to France as well—in his brief treatise **"The African Nations and World Solidarity,"** translated by Mercer Cook (Praeger, hardbound, $4.85; paperback, $1.85).

Because M. Dia writes about as thriftily as it is possible to write, the reviewer can do little more than simply mention his topics. First, M. Dia gives us a gloss on Péguy's dictum "the nation is a mission" by expounding on the *desiderata* of nationalism in the underdeveloped world, which he calls the "Tiers-Monde." Some sort of nationalist feeling is necessary in these countries for the sake of their people's pride, but these feelings must not bog down in the creation of "Balkanized" micro-states.

During this part of his discussion M. Dia sometimes reveals a natural taste for French political philosophy, with its leaning towards the oracular. At first sight the sentence "The nation is a collective vocation," for example, looks both beautiful and lucid, but on closer inspection, though remaining beautiful, it grows opaque—at least to me. Nevertheless, one can easily enough gather M. Dia's meaning.

Why the Tiers-Monde must defend itself against the industrialized nations forms the most impressive section of the book. M. Dia analyzes with great clarity the "brutal" handicaps under which these countries labor in their economic relationships with the advanced West. The Tiers-Monde are raw-material producers, but for years prices of raw materials have been falling behind prices of manufactured goods and the over-all growth of the world's industrial output. Faced with booming public-investment needs at home, the governments of the underdeveloped world are thus falling behind in their domestic political and social obligations—with all the perils this involves. The international "structural imbalance" is exacerbated by internal imbalances such as urban inflation *vs.* rural stagnation—growing pains which in the absence of adequate funds the poorer governments are powerless to assuage.

The first duty of a Tiers-Monde statesman is to do what he can on the spot in the way of amelioration and diversification. But, apart from this, two general policies must be adopted. First, M. Dia goes on, the Tiers-Monde must try for an increasing measure of solidarity in order to develop stronger internal markets and a sturdier competitive stance. Second, in opposition to President Nkrumah, who execrates the European Common Market as the latest avatar of imperialism, M. Dia expects that the Common Market system (*"Europe sans rivages"*) will become the only major capital-holder in the world with sufficient resources and responsibility to stabilize raw-material prices at levels that enable the Tiers-Monde nations to climb out of their morass.

In my opinion, the latter of these expectations is far more significant and realistic than the former. With the exception of the Epilogue, M. Dia's book was written before the breakups of Mali and the United Arab Republic. Both unions were examples of the "anti-Balkanization" and "solidarity" that he commends, yet in both cases centrifugal political forces nullified economic reasoning, and their fragments stand once again on their own. But the European Common Market hovers on the verge of a giant step forward. And now the Kennedy Administration is sending up trial balloons presaging some kind of American participation.

An "Atlantic Common Market" system will be capable of undertaking projects in the underdeveloped world on a scale far beyond that which any institution can attempt today. Given the evolution of such a system, and given the leadership in the Tiers-Monde of men like M. Dia to direct these projects in and explain them to their own countries, the world may yet see the fulfillment of the long-heralded "mission" of the twentieth century—the End of Pauperism, the *sine qua non* of "social decency" and "social rationality," which alone can secure the future for free men.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### UNACCUSTOMED AS THEY ARE

The ranks of ASCAP are filled with the names of literary lights in their rather unaccustomed roles as lyricists to popular songs. Stanley Green of Brooklyn, New York, asks you to match the song titles on the left with the distinguished group of authors on the right. (As a clue, composers' names are in parentheses following those of their collaborators.) Answers on page 21.

1. "September Song"
2. "A Sleepin' Bee"
3. "Bill"
4. "Speak Low"
5. "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed"
6. "Cabin"
7. "I Wished on the Moon"
8. "If I Were You, Love, I'd Jump Right in the Lake"
9. "Middle of the Night"
10. "The Pussyfoot"
11. "My Man"
12. "Summertime"

( ) Walter and Jean Kerr (Leroy Anderson)
( ) Ogden Nash (Kurt Weill)
( ) Dorothy Parker (Ralph Rainger)
( ) Ring Lardner (Vincent Youmans)
( ) Maxwell Anderson (Kurt Weill)
( ) DuBose Heyward (George Gershwin)
( ) Channing Pollock (Maurice Yvain)
( ) P.G. Wodehouse (Jerome Kern)
( ) Truman Capote (Harold Arlen)
( ) Tennessee Williams (Paul Bowles)
( ) Paddy Chayefsky (George Bassman)
( ) Langston Hughes (Kurt Weill)



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FICTION

# She Wanted to Go Wrong

***"The Last Hours of Sandra Lee,"** by **William Sansom** (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 254 pp. $4), concerns the wild oat an English stenographer tries frantically to sow before matrimony seals her from ruin. A British novelist and critic, Peter Green wrote "The Sword of Pleasure" and "Kenneth Grahame."*

By Peter Green

TO JUDGE from Mr. Sansom's rip-roaring extravaganza, the morphology of office Christmas parties is something that any aspiring sociologist might earmark for a Ph.D. dissertation. The field work would be tremendous fun, if a trifle demanding on head and stomach alike. Take the Bacchanalian do they throw at Allasol's offices. Liquor available includes South African sherry, peppermint cordial, brown ale, sparkling cider, ginger wine, Spanish Chablis, Australian Burgundy, Cherry Heering, British port, Irish whiskey, Advocaat, and a brew unknown to me called Pineapple Fortified. On this phenomenal alcoholic basis the whole staff takes off like a squadron of superjets. From jollity they pass to lechery, from lechery to bitchiness. Some are sick, others caught with their pants down, others again utter unforgettable and unforgivable home truths.

Against this nonstop background of administrative razzle-dazzle Mr. Sansom takes us through "The Last Hours of Sandra Lee." One sentence tells us all about her: "Despite her appearance, which differed little from how a whore might be thought to look, Sandra was a good girl." A good girl, in fact, who dreamed of being bad, just once, before she married her steady boy-friend Bun Stanbetter, and went off with him to Sarawak, where he had a job laying electric cables. Her previous experiences can't be said to qualify: on one occasion she passed out, on the other she found herself cooped up with a bewigged transvestite determined to borrow her frock. So the night of the party is her last chance.

Poor Sandra! She strips in the boss's office, ready to make a spectacular entry when the party's at its height—but funks her cue at the last moment. She goes out to lunch with a wolf called Nevile Wrasse (low white convertible, fur collar, Celtic eyes "full of the shiftiness that stares straight at you"), but ducks his advances. Her office colleagues regard her, variously, as a good-time-Charlie type, a near-delinquent, dreamy, screwy, a solid worker, happy-go-lucky, and a bloody bitch. Each in a way is right. She also turns out sentimental, kind-hearted, muddle-headed, pathetically anxious to realize herself as an individual, a distilled version of countless stenographers all over England and the USA. I wouldn't say I envied Bun; but his Sandra's real all right, a kind of non-status symbol, if you can imagine such a thing.

As always with Mr. Sansom, there's a touch of acidulous heart-throb behind the rhetorical high jinks, disturbing hints of "that mysterious 'other' life, the unreal dormitory between office hours," the routine of wives and families, separate, remote. What does everyone have on their mantelpieces at home wonders Sandra, briefly; what does her employer, Godfrey ("H.J." for "Honest Jack") Deane, do home in Guildford, when he's not on the town with his cute P.A., Monica? As the drinks loosen inhibitions, so cracks appear in the social *maquillage*, small domestic tragedies peer disconcertingly out through the synthetic get-together spirit. Deftly Mr. Sansom sweeps away the debris and broken bottles at the end; we are left, not perhaps with a hangover, but noticeably more sober than all that booze might suggest.

# A Fight Against "Justice"

***"The Trial of Callista Blake," by Edgar Pangborn** (St. Martin's Press. 304 pp. $4.95), inveighs, in the instance of a nineteen-year-old adulteress indicted for murder, against capital punishment. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer.*

By Joan Bostwick

TAKING a literary giant step away from the science-fiction world he previously inhabited, Edgar Pangborn, in his new novel, "The Trial of Callista Blake," moves into the courtroom and presents a cogent case against capital punishment, jury trials, and the adversary system of law. He does this with such piquancy and insight that not one of his well-wrought (never overwrought) characters exhibits courtroom pallor.

Callista Blake is nineteen years old, sensitive, remarkably intelligent, artistic, and aloof. Supposedly she is on trial for the murder of her former lover's wife, who drank the poison the depressed Callista intended for herself. But in a sense she is on trial for adultery, atheism, and nonconformity, and is in danger of being "burned as a witch" to satisfy the vengefulness of a still superstitious race of people—people who also accept the "ludicrous fancy that you multiply wisdom when you multiply one by twelve." And fancy it is, for psychological tests have proven that two minds seldom agree on the observance of a physical object. So how illogical it is to expect twelve minds to agree on an abstract idea!

In a way, the author asks us, the reading jury, to consider a theoretical case—that of a nineteen-year-old who possessed almost fantastic poise and brilliance. But the author had no choice. If his free-thinking central character were older, and therefore justifiably capable of mature wisdom, her sexual innocence prior to the fatal affair would be unbelievable. So he declares the intangible and seemingly asks us to keep the partial truth in proportion, to accept his proposition, and by refusing to participate in a witch-burning, allow Callista to become a symbol of the fight against injustice.

What we have is a maverick whose inability to suffer fools has created a scarcity of friends, although Cecil Warner, her defending counsel, loves her in his aging way, and Edith Nolan, a photographer who employed her, would fight for her under any circumstances. Despite the fact that the redoubtable prosecuting attorney does his best to portray her as a succubus, Callista acquires a new friend during the trial—Judge Terence Mann. Trying his first case involving the death penalty, he is forced to examine the twisted roots of the law that demands punish-



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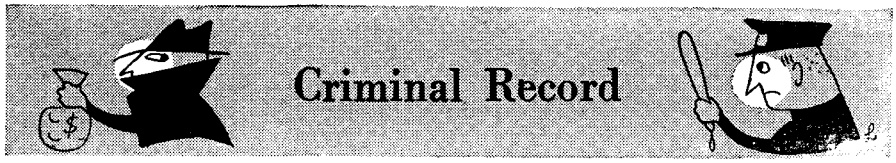
ment rather than reclamation. In his unhappy confusion at presiding over the scientific barbarism, the judge is appalled that anyone should consider himself wise enough to decide whether another should die.

Pangborn's characters offer no magic way out of the maelstrom of this type of justice. They simply make a stirring plea for humility in the face of the unknown. And, because the verbal portraits of these people are so beautifully executed, because the arguments are sensible and sincere, because the style has a force that lifts it out of the realm of ordinary prose, the plea ought to have some meaningful response.

**MIND-MENDER AT SEA: "Captain Newman, M.D."** (Harper, $4.95) is Leo Rosten's fictional account of life in an Air Corps psychiatric ward during the Second World War. Despite the grimness of the book's setting and the morbid quality of some of its material, it proves to be a surprisingly light-hearted and entertaining work, for Mr. Rosten writes not only with ease and economy but also with a generous amount of humor. Indeed, Mr. Rosten established a reputation as a full-fledged humorist many years ago when he published "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" under the pen name of Leonard Q. Ross.

In design, "Captain Newman, M.D." bears at least a superficial resemblance to "Mr. Roberts," the Thomas Heggen classic of World War II. Both books are anecdotal, both make use of a restricted physical location—a supply ship, a hospital ward—,both have a protagonist who is a hero to his men and a thorn in the side of the higher brass. The difference is that while Lieutenant Roberts emerges as a subtle and vibrant human being, Captain Josiah Newman remains a stereotype: a conscientious, overworked psychiatrist, whose personality is far less engaging that the personalities of the men who surround him.

As a result, what ultimately interests us in Mr. Rosten's book is not Captain Newman himself, but his eccentric and amusing assistants in Ward 7, especially "The Incredible Laibowitz," and the captain's odd assortment of patients, those unfortunate Air Corps men whom he must treat. Among the captain's patients the most remarkable is Colonel Norval Algate Bliss, who refers to himself as "Mr. Future." This reviewer is certain that he will remember "Mr. Future" long after he has forgotten Captain Newman's earnest psychiatric sermonizing. He will remember him with a shudder of horror, and—to Mr. Rosten's credit—with a feeling of compassion as well. —William Wise.




**DEATH AND THE SUPREME COURT.** *By Barrett Prettyman, Jr. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.95. Six capital cases (1946-1955) in which nation's highest tribunal had last word, good or bad, are here presented in form of exciting narratives followed by an expert interpretation of the law. Vivid, dramatic, beautifully written.

**CHRONICLE OF A CRIME: The Larry Lord Motherwell Story.** *By Eleanor Dabrohua with Ray Brennan. Crime Club.* $3.95. True tale of recent (1958-1961) missing person case (72-year-old Washington widow) in which victim's next of kin did excellent country-wide detective work. Holds reader.

**COMMON SENSE ABOUT CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.** *By C. H. Rolph. Macmillan.* $2.95. Former Chief Inspector, City of London Police, and present *New Statesman* staffer presents logical and adult A-B-C picture of his subject. Excellently managed.

**THE MURDERERS: The Story of the Narcotic Gangs.** *By Harry J. Anslinger and Will Oursler. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.95. U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics since 1930 discusses crime techniques, syndicates, Mafia, smuggling, all angles of traffic. Many fine case histories.

**BLOOD RUNS COLD.** *By Robert Bloch. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Seventeen sit-and-shiver chillers by the author of the super-chiller movie script "Psycho," all serialized 1953-1960. Never was a truer title.

**SECRET OF THE DOUBTING SAINT.** *By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Father Bredder, Los Angeles priest who enjoys playing shamus, tangles with nice Lieutenant Minardi when missing gem is responsible for two killings. Easy to take.

**THE WOMAN AT BELGUARDO.** *By Margaret Erskine. Crime Club.* $2.95. Distaff side suffers heavily as Inspector Septimus Finch of Scotland Yard and Keats-quoting Sergeant Slater look into rural mayhem. Placidly pleasant.

**IN THE RED.** *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. Lamming London bank clerk buries his personality in down-at-heel hotel; murder flares; lady librarian plays at being detective. Agreeable.

**THE MOLD OF MURDER: A Psychiatric Study of Homicide.** *By Walter Bromberg, M.D. Grune & Stratton.* $4.75. Sequel to author's "Crime and the Mind" (1948) proceeds from "normal" slayings to cases that will set your hair an end. Dr. Bromberg, formerly of New York (Bellevue Phychiatric Clinic, *et al.*), is now with California Department of Mental Hygiene.

**CHRONICLES OF SAN QUENTIN: The Biography of a Prison.** *By Kenneth Lamott. McKay.* $4.95. Historical survey of California's famous "Q," with an account of its administration and a rundown of some of its more famous inmates.

**DROWN THE WIND.** *By Margaret Page Hood. Coward-McCann.* $3.50. Maine Deputy Sheriff Gil Donan solves his fifth case when local Scrooge takes marlinspike in head. Usual nice sense of locality.

**DEATH BY DROWNING.** *By Robin Daniel. Walker.* $3.50. Unpleasant English suburban couple are center of interest in tale that is overladen with dialogue, much of it decidedly acrimonious.

**THE PURSUIT OF AGENT M.** *By DeWitt Copp. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. Anti-Red agent flees from Czechoslovakia with enemy in hot pursuit—will he make it to Austria? Picaresque and episodic, with variable pace.

**ONE FOR MY DAME.** *By Jack Webb. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $2.95. L.A.-area pet-shop owner has high time convincing cops he did not kidnap Congressman's daughter or kill anybody (but somebody did). Light-hearted and enjoyable.

**COURT OF CROWS.** *By Robert A. Knowlton. Harper.* $4. Summer colony on coast of Carolinas tizzied when crowbar fells male member; two stand trial. Full-statured and adult performance, with a fine cynical bite and strong sense of locality.

**TWENTY PER CENT.** *By Travis Macrae. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. High-school reunion in York State village turns into tragedy when ranking dowager is slain; older killings are solved as a consequence. Highly contrived. —Sergeant Cuff.



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# No Exit from the Marne

***"The Guns of August," by Barbara W. Tuchman*** *(Macmillan. 440 pp. $6.95), postulates that nations have been doomed as an outgrowth of their military actions. George Dangerfield's latest book is "Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York: 1746-1813."*

By George Dangerfield

BARBARA TUCHMAN's book, dedicated chiefly to the military history of August 1914, begins with an account of the obsequies of Edward VII, "Edward the Peacemaker," whose attempts at personal diplomacy were usually more mischievous than peaceful, and whose cortège of mourning royalties symbolized (with one or two exceptions) all that was irresponsible, or feeble, or merely otiose in public life. All were dressed as soldiers.

Having introduced this funereal but far from inadequate representation of a mismanaged world, Mrs. Tuchman forgets all about it. She sees the doom of nations as something that arose from military actions, not military actions as arising from the doom of nations. At the end of her book she says that the Battle of the Marne was decisive, not because it determined that the Allies would ultimately win and the Germans ultimately lose, but because it determined that the war would go on: hence it consigned the nations to a trap "from which there was, and has been, no exit." And yet, if the Allies had lost the Battle of the Marne, or been unable to fight it; if the Germans had achieved their double investment of the French and British armies; if the German Empire had been victorious on the Western front—what assurance have we that the war would not have gone on? None whatsoever. The imbecility of World War I derives itself from the circumstance that it was allowed to begin at all. About this tragic breakdown in civilized or even sane communication between nations Mrs. Tuchman has little or nothing to say.

Her book is an intelligent résumé of certain military events, and is designed rather to supplement than to revise our knowledge of them. As is well known, the battles of August 1914 were essentially a contest between the German "Schlieffen Plan" and the French "Plan 17." The "Schlieffen Plan" called for a violation of Belgian neutrality by the right wing of the German army, the overrunning of Belgium, and a great turning movement to the south that would envelop the French. "Plan 17" proposed a smashing attack through the weakened German center, cutting the swollen right wing off from its communications, and leaving it a helpless mammoth.

It is not at all surprising that both plans should have foundered. The German planners, obviously, failed to perceive that a gross moral error such as the invasion of Belgium could have an enervating influence upon a set of exact military calculations. The French, more honorably, could not bring themselves to believe that the Germans would violate more than a corner of Belgian territory. The Germans again, under their nervous Chief of Staff, von Moltke, modified their plan to the extent of somewhat weakening their right in favor of the center and left. The French, in their turn, committed what Napoleon I would have called the grave error of "making pictures": they refused to believe their own Intelligence when it insisted that Germany was stiffening her regular army with reservist divisions. Thus, when the battle was at length joined, the French fell back from the German left and center, and the German right did not have quite enough momentum to complete its enveloping movement. There were other grave mistakes, such as sending two German army corps to the Eastern front, but these were the essential ones.

Mrs. Tuchman does not alter the original outlines of this somber picture, but she has, I think, brilliantly succeeded in rearranging its details in an intelligible and dramatic fashion. Here she is fortunate—if that is the right word—in having a war of movement to describe: with sleepless and half-starved troops reeling forward and backward over large stretches of terrain; with generals still influencing the course of events through initiative, brilliance, hysteria, stupidity, and so forth; and with events as unpredictable as an advance of 6,000 taxicabs giving relief to an increasingly senseless nightmare. For nightmare it was, but not the *incubus* nightmare of 1915-1918, when despairing armies contended like behemoths for a few yards of stinking mud and the big brass mounted hopeless offensives "more because [the words are those of the British General Robertson, but they apply equally to Joffre or Ludendorff or Falkenhayn] my instinct prompts me to it than because of any good argument I can find to support it." Such men, as Lord Keynes put it, "slept well, they ate well—*nothing* could upset them." From this fearful imperturbability, from this inhuman stalemate, Mrs. Tuchman is saved; her book ends just in time; she can still describe individuals, heroes, poltroons, aspirations.

"Which way is East?"



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# Voiding a Global Suicide Pact

***"Has Man a Future?," by Bertrand Russell*** *(Simon & Schuster. 126 pp. $3), continues the British philosopher's longtime attack on the folly of nuclear stockpiling. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

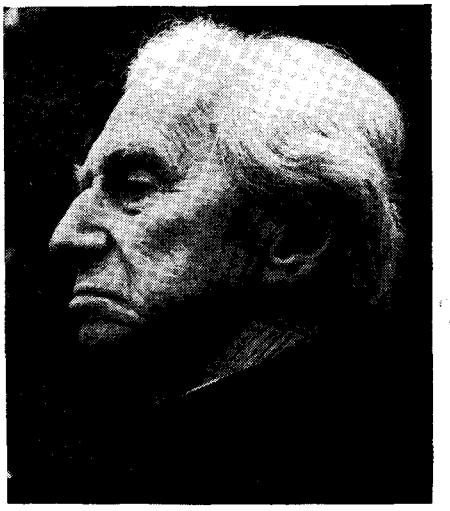
BERTRAND RUSSELL's slender volume should remove any lingering doubt that the thermonuclear arms race is a sinister manifestation of the prevailing international madness. In pre-atomic days war or the threat of war were accepted instruments of national policy. Now, the emergence of guided missiles in combination with nuclear warheads of incredible destructive force has changed all this. No longer can a nation, challenged by a nuclear power, have any confidence that it will be able to advance or defend its vital interests, let alone protect its frontiers, by resort to war. Of this we are vaguely conscious; yet, as Lord Russell states, "One of the troubles of our age is that habits of thought cannot change as quickly as techniques, with the result that as skill increases, wisdom fades."

This is the essence of the problem that confronts us today. We recognize, as our antagonist must, that a thermonuclear exchange is likely to result in reciprocal national suicide. And yet we both continue to build up stockpiles of atomic and thermonuclear weapons as well as the instruments for their delivery, seemingly unaware that their use in armed conflict would be nothing less than the ultimate expression of human folly.

More than fifteen years ago Lord Russell saw clearly what many of us are just beginning to understand. In a speech delivered to the House of Lords on November 28, 1945, quoted *in extenso* in this brief treatise, he argued powerfully for the international control of atomic weapons. He was not surprised at the Soviet refusal to accept the Baruch Plan. In fact, he sympathized with the reasoning that led to their refusal. But he voiced the "hope —and I do not think this is a chimerical hope—that the Russian Government can be made to see that the utilization of this means of warfare would mean destruction to themselves as well as to everybody else."

Statements emanating from the Kremlin in the past twelve months suggest that this hope has at last been realized. However, there is no discernible evidence of progress along the course so clearly charted by Lord Russell leading to his vision of "a stable world." Nor can much progress be seriously anticipated as long as the overhanging threat of thermonuclear war, in contrast to war itself, continues to serve the purposes of the USSR.

Accordingly, to blunt the effectiveness of this threat should be a prime objective of Allied strategy. The crisis that Khrushchev has precipitated over West Berlin provides in some measure an opportunity to do this. We shall miss this chance, however, if we follow Lord Russell's recommendation. After asserting that "legally the position of the West is impregnable," by tortuous reasoning he reaches the conclusion that "if the status of West Berlin could be guaranteed, there would be no good reason against acknowledgment of the East German Government by the West."



—*Camera Pix Press.*

**Bertrand Russell—saw clearly what many are beginning to understand.**

But there is a determining reason for not doing just this. East Germany, in our consistent view the Soviet zone of occupation, is today governed by a puppet regime installed by and answerable to Moscow, having no sanction in the will of the people over whom its rule extends. To accord to this regime, by recognition, any aspect of legality would be to make ourselves parties to a palpable fraud. Such a reversal of our position would constitute a distinct victory for the Soviet Union. And nothing could more clearly demonstrate to the world the continuing effectiveness of the threat of atomic war.

# The Sense and Logic of Madness

***"The Conduct of War, 1789-1961," by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller*** *(Rutgers University Press. 343 pp. $6), analyzes the use of armed conflict as an instrument of policy. Walter Millis has written "Arms and Men" and other studies.*

By Walter Millis

BY REVIEWING the history of war in Western society since the latter eighteenth century—the varying principles on which it has been waged, the objects for which it has been undertaken, the tactics and weapons with which it has been fought, and the political and social frameworks that have surrounded and controlled it—J. F. C. Fuller has attempted to bring some sense and logic to the extraordinary situation the world has now arrived at. The book is neither long nor ponderous, but it is a kind of summation of the thought of a distinguished British military historian and analyst.

After a prefatory glance at the "limited wars of the absolute kings" in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the author goes on to the "rebirth" of unlimited war in the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods, to Clausewitz with his basic (and I think here somewhat overrated) insight into war as an "instrument of policy," to the appearance of total war, in a perhaps rudimentary form, in the American Civil War. He deals with the efforts of various thinkers—the elder Moltke, Foch, and the Polish banker Ivan Bloch



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—to meet the war problem as it was developing under the combined impact of popular sovereignty and the new technology. It was only Bloch who offered, in the last years of the nineteenth century, the one real answer: that war was becoming "impossible." But this was not, of course, an answer that a military historian could accept.

Roughly the last half of the book covers the two great wars of the twentieth century, their causes, conduct, and significance for today; and the rise of the Marxist concept of war on the internal front—of politics, one might say, as an instrument of war rather than of war as an instrument of politics. In the discussion of these themes Fuller says many wise things, and many that seem not so wise. In spite of his grasp of the importance of politics in war, he is too much influenced by the economic interpretation of international history. To say that the "dominant cause" of the Spanish-American War was that "with the projected Panama Canal in mind, the United States was determined to oust Spain from the Caribbean" is simply absurd; and it is hardly less so to say that the "aim" that brought Britain into the First World War was "to destroy Germany as a trade rival."

His short comment on the Versailles settlement is, "Thus chaos was planted in Europe," which ignores the very large crop of fully ripened chaos with which the statesmen of 1918 were trying to deal. He writes that Franklin Roosevelt "possessed none of the qualities demanded by Napoleon to direct the grand operations of war." FDR and to some extent Churchill here appear as dupes of Communism, and Fuller follows the many who have argued that after Stalingrad and North Africa the aim of Anglo-American policy should have been "to aid Russia only sufficiently to keep her in the war, and not damage Germany sufficiently to drive her out of it." A neat trick, to be sure. But if the Fuller thesis that war must always be an instrument of policy leads only to such impossible policy recommendations as this, one is inclined to doubt its value in the real world.

The thinness of this philosophy seems to me evident in the book's weak conclusion. Indeed, it scarcely concludes at all, but runs down in a series of appendices. There are no proposals here except that Western statesmen should realize "no compromise with the Soviets is possible" and should "avoid all conferences like the plague." Fuller urges nonmilitary means of competition. But how this is to be managed in the world of the megaton the British historian does not suggest.

# Tactics for Limited Conflict

***"The United States Air Force in Korea, 1950-53," by Robert Frank Futrell*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 667 pp. $12.50), criticizes Army lack of appreciation and understanding of air power and its techniques during the "peculiar war." Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Mark S. Watson is author of "The Chief of Staff: Prewar Plans and Preparations."*

By Mark S. Watson

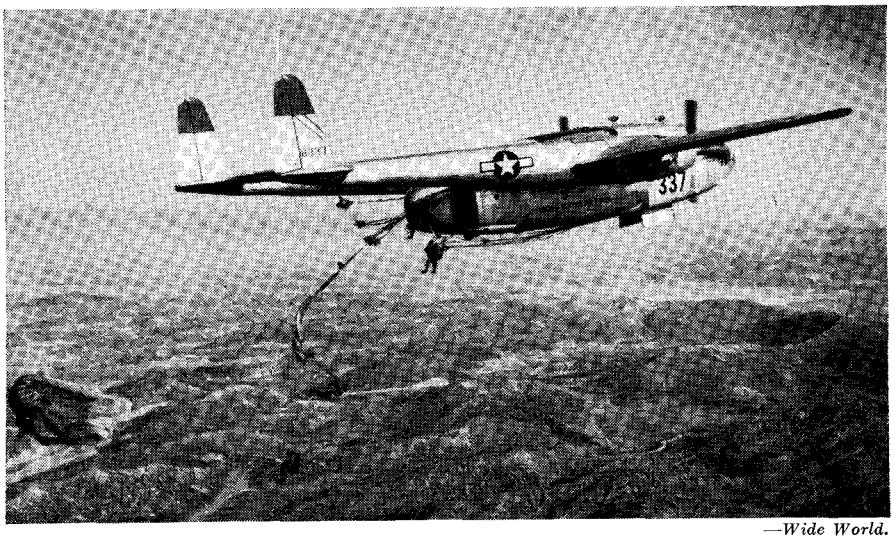
WHILE history ought to provide guidance for the future, the Air Force is inclined to regard many of its Korean War experiences not as models but as examples of what not to do next time. In his official study of the 1950-1953 operations Robert Frank Futrell of the Air University describes that costly affray as "a strange mixture of the last conventional air war and the first jet air war . . . a peculiar war which was unlike wars in the past and was not necessarily typical of the future."

In that description lies the explanation of much that is still confusing and disturbing to military planners as well as historians. It is apparent in the wide differences of viewpoint between Mr. Futrell's book and the first volume in the Army's monumental Korean series, "South to the Naktong, North to the Yalu," by Colonel Roy E. Appleman (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., $10), published in 1961. For if the latter finds the Air Force's bombing accuracy considerably short of perfect, the former finds a good deal wrong with the judgments exercised by the High Command in Korea, which was dominated by Army officers.

This newest official addition to the growing library on the "peculiar war" is, first of all, a faithful record of the operations of the Far East Air Force, recreated in 1944 (after 1942 dissolution in the Philippines) for its enormous role in late World War II, and, like the Army, at part-strength in mid-1950 when the North Korean Communists crossed the border.

Post-1945 reduction of military strength had led the Joint Chiefs in 1947 to conclude that the 45,000 U. S. troops still in Korea could "well be used elsewhere." With curious blindness to Communist intentions, our wards in the Republic of Korea were then equipped for maintaining domestic order only—that is, without combat air, tanks, or suitable artillery—and in mid-1950 the unhappy Roks were overpowered at the very outset. The Far East Air Force, whose mission was at

(*Continued on page* 60)




—*Wide World.*

**No. 337 of the U. S. Far East Air Forces C-119 Packet of the 315 Airborne Division (Combat Cargo), used in "Airdrop" northwest of Seoul to cut off Communist troops fleeing to North Korea.**



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# The People Who Invented the Zero

***"India: A Modern History," by Percival Spear*** *(University of Michigan Press. 467 pp. $10), and* ***"A History of India," by Michael Edwardes*** *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 444 pp. $7.50), sum up the evolution of an increasingly controversial nation. T. Walter Wallbank teaches Indian history at the University of Southern California. In 1956 he made an extensive study tour of India and Pakistan.*

By T. Walter Wallbank

INDIA is the most significant case study posing the question whether an underdeveloped country, with a huge population, can substantially raise its living standards within the regimen of a democratic society. Or must the favorable answer be obtained under the totalitarian way of Moscow and Peking regimentation? The ultimate result achieved in India will influence the course of politics in at least half of the world's population.

Percival Spear has been recognized since the last world war as a distinguished scholar and productive author in the field of Indian history. His work in revising the modern chapters in the old reliable "Oxford History of India" received generous recognition for his mastery of the facts and the penetration of his interpretations. It is natural, therefore, that his latest work should have been eagerly anticipated by the growing American circle of general readers and scholars interested in India both old and new.

They will not be disappointed, for Professor Spear's history is one of the most significant works in its field to appear in the past several decades; it is unusual to find so much solid information clothed with such felicity of style. Perhaps one reason stems from the author's long residence in India. In speaking of its challenge to the historian, the author eloquently observes:

> It inspires by its vast range and scope, its color, its variety, its rich cluster of personalities; it challenges with its complexities, its long periods of obscurity, its unfamiliar movements, and its stark contrasts between luxury and poverty, between gentleness and cruelty, creation and destruction.

A single volume of Indian history must cover an immense time span from the earliest civilization in the Indus, 2500 B.C., to the present. The essentials of the ancient and medieval eras, however, are adequately described, especially the "twin peaks of Indian civilization," the Maurya and the Gupta periods. The author really gets into his stride with the brilliant Mughal period, followed by the all-important span of British rule, which lasted little more than a century. The main theme of the latter is the transference of Western culture. From this impact upon Indian life arose industrialism, social change, and the growth of nationalism. The post-independence era, since 1947, is dealt with somewhat summarily; it might have been desirable for the author to have found more space for a fuller treatment of Nehru's India.

However, several features of his history are noteworthy. The chapter on Hinduism is a brilliant capsule description, a simple yet penetrating explanation of this most complex of all religious ways of life. Mr. Spear has two heroes, each of whom is given a chapter: Akbar the Mughal emperor, "one of the few successful examples of Plato's philosopher-king," and Gandhi, who "made himself poor like a peasant and the people made him holy like a saint or guru."

Professor Spear exposes the mistakes and weaknesses on both the British and Indian sides. Old recriminations about the evils of imperialism or the irresponsibility of Indian nationalism tend to seem outdated as the author, with the benefit of the perspective of time and aided by his judicious scholarship, recounts his story. Nevertheless a criticism might be leveled against his treatment of Indo-Pakistani relations: there is a tendency to excuse and mitigate the former, especially in the Kashmir imbroglio.

Michael Edwardes's volume is the latest in a series of national histories designed by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy to provide an adequate, readable survey for the student and general reader. The publishers have more than done their part in providing a handsome cover, readable print, numerous full-

*—Fujimera from Monkmeyer.*

**Potter in small village in south India.**

*—Chapelle from Monkmeyer.*

**First school in Bastar District, Madhya Pradesh, assembled before new building constructed by villagers.**



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page maps and chronologies, and, above all, a section of 127 illustrations. The text, unfortunately, does not measure up.

The author asserts he is concerned with "the broad sweep of the movement of [Indian] history," yet segments of the subject vital to the average reader are almost completely neglected. In the so-called Periclean Age of the Guptas there is no mention of the great strides in mathematics—the invention of the zero, the perfection of "Arabic numerals," and achievements in algebra. There is no reference to Indian gifts to the world in the field of textiles, and no credit given for the rich treasury of fable literature in the "Panchatantra." A singular omission is the complete exclusion of the stirring story of Indian expansion overseas. Indians are proud that their colonists and traders, more than a thousand years ago, established flourishing Hindu and Buddhist kingdoms throughout South Asia. Today the massive temples of Angkor Vat and Borobudur stand in mute testimony to their greatness.

The intelligent layman is rightly most interested in the immediate background of Indian independence, the fortunes of the new nation since it gained independence, and a reasonably thorough evaluation of its leaders. But there is no adequate survey of the rapid progress of Indian nationalism, the Kashmir dispute, the role of Gandhi and Nehru, India's attitude in foreign policy, and the progress of the three five-year plans. Admittedly, the book was in print before Goa, but Chinese aggression is not even mentioned.

Moreover, Edwardes's style is incredibly prosaic; in places his book is nothing more than a compendium of facts. The author is to be commended for listing his sources, but the space could better have been used to extend the coverage of the text and to have achieved in some degree the test of good history: facts presented with some literary art and treated with scholarly insight and judgment.

# Our Amazing Neighbor Up North

***"Ordeal by Fire: Canada, 1910-1945," by Ralph Allen*** *(Doubleday. 492 pp. $5.95), dispels some popular U.S. myths by introducing the startling characters and episodes in the recent history of the Commonwealth. H. L. Keenleyside, former Canadian ambassador and deputy minister, is now a senior official of the U. N.*

By H. L. Keenleyside

CANADIANS are often described, particularly by their native Menckens, as dull, stodgy, unimaginative, colorless, and boring. They are alleged to sit on every fence, to stroll slowly down the middle of every road; at the United Nations they refrained from committing themselves on so many votes that Canada was once known as "The Great Abstainer." Canadian history is usually thought to have had few spectacular heroes, no monstrous or gaudy villains. "Ordeal by Fire" is a book that should explode these queer myths forever.

What other country, engulfed in the most appalling war in its history, could boast a Minister of Defense who was palpably mad and yet remained five years in office? Where could be found a finer pair of robber barons than Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, the small-town schoolteacher and the divinity student who parleyed their energy, ambition, brashness, and persuasive oratory into immense personal fortunes and a bankrupt transcontinental railway? R. B. Bennett (who when defeated left Canada for England and became Viscount Bennett) started his term as Prime Minister in 1930 well to the right of Herbert Hoover, but unlike Hoover was five years later advocating policies described by some of his own followers as Communistic. What other country can boast two Social Credit Governments? What American "boss" had a more unsavory record than Duplessis of Quebec? Or was a more successful mountebank than Mayor Houde of Montreal? The Canadian Prime Minister who established the record for the longest term of office in British parliamentary history was a firm believer in spiritualism and was convinced that through his favorite female mediums he was in constant communication with departed friends, including his pet dog, Pat—and President Franklin Delano Roosevelt! Where, except in Gandhi, can one find a man who combined sainthood and practical politics more effectively than J. S. Woodsworth, for thirty years the head of the C. C. F. (right-wing Socialist) party of Canada? Has any other country, starting from scratch with no military forces at all, produced so quickly such a flaming galaxy of heroes as did Canada in the First World War?

Ralph Allen would certainly be included in any objective list of the top half-dozen of contemporary Canadian journalists; and this at a time when Canadian journalism has more competent and informed practitioners than ever before. As editor of *Maclean's* magazine (until his recent resignation to devote himself to writing) he raised that popular bi-weekly into its present firm status as a national institution.

IN this book, which is Volume 5 in the Canadian History Series edited by Thomas B. Costain, Mr. Allen has interpreted the life of Canada from 1910 to 1945 in terms of its more significant figures and organizations. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the events and personalities, the tragedies, the bestialities, and the triumphs of the human spirit that characterized the two great wars. That this is justified by the impact of those wars on the political, constitutional, economic, and social life of the country no one who knows Canada can doubt.

It will be said that "Ordeal by Fire" is journalism, not history. By academic standards this is true. But until very recently the writing of history in Canada has been such a dreary profession that the color and exuberance of Mr. Allen's treatment is a gratifying relief. And who is to say that in general, if not in detail, it is any less accurate? It is not a full and rounded picture of the generation it covers, but that was not its author's intention. He has done what he set out to do with clarity and imagination; with indignation when that is justified; with insight, charity, and good taste. It is a glowing and stimulating book.

Inevitably Mr. Allen has much to say about the United States and the impact on Canadians of their colossal and powerful neighbor. For this reason as well as because of the dramatic interest of the story itself his book is recommended for American readers. It is difficult to think of any better single introduction to the life and times of the Canadian people in this century. And the Canadians, with all their similarities, are not indistinguishable from the people of the United States. "Ordeal by Fire" illuminates many of the differences.

**LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS**

10; 4; 7; 8; 1; 12; 11; 13; 3; 2; 14; 6; 9; 5.



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# PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

**THE BIG HANDOUT:** Just about this time of year students start getting worried about how to get into college or graduate school and how to pay for it once they're accepted. A glance through a new paperback, **"The New American Guide to Scholarships, Fellowships and Loans"** (New American Library, 75¢), and their worrying days are all but over. This handbook, compiled by John Bradley, lists hundreds of agencies, corporations, private foundations that are eager, happy in fact, to give away money to educate qualified students. It's astounding that some $400 million is available each year —and some of that just goes begging.

**WRITERS AROUND TOWN:** One of paperback's most versatile and prolific authors is John D. MacDonald, whose mysteries and contemporary novels have sold over fifteen million copies. Some of his books have appeared first in hard covers and later as Crest reprints; others he has written directly for Gold Medal Books; but, according to Mr. MacDonald, it's no less work either way: "I feel that the man who pays 35¢ for your book is worthy of as much bitter effort as the man who pays $3.50. And," he adds somewhat wryly, "he is much more numerous."

**WHAT'S NEW:** Of course you can't tell a book by its cover, but it's certainly an added treat to find books attractive both inside and outside. The new Bantam Gallery editions are particularly handsome, especially Werner Bischof's pictorial journey, **"Japan"** ($1.25), a lavish combination of photographs and text, all sturdily, prettily bound. . . . Interest in the writings of Ernest Hemingway continues at high pitch, and Scribners is publishing this month the short-story collection **"In Our Time"** ($1.25), as well as **"Green Hills of Africa"** ($1.45), that vigorous account of the author's big-game experiences. Mentor meanwhile is bringing out the late Charles Fenton's **"The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway"** (60¢), which explores those early years of friendships in Paris, work in journalism, and adventures in World War I.

—Rollene W. Saal.

## FICTION

So many classics have already made their way into paperback editions that in this column we have paid more attention to lesser-known books, assuming our readers were aware that Dickens and Austen, Cervantes and Dostoevsky have been treated splendidly by paperback publishers. The nineteenth century has proved a particularly rich lode. Signet Classics have dug deep into the prose of the 1800s, and this month come up with Nathaniel Hawthorne's **"The Marble Faun"** (50¢), George Eliot's **"Adam Bede"** (75¢), Thomas Hardy's **"Jude the Obscure"** (75¢), and Dickens's **"Oliver Twist"** (60¢), each with appreciative introductory words by a noted literary authority.

It's always good to see these new editions of old favorites, but it's even better to find more neglected works making their way into inexpensive editions, like George Eliot's last novel, **"Daniel Deronda"** (Torchbooks, $2.25).

Sometimes different editors have the same brainstorm at approximately the same time, and a fairly uncommon book like Choderlos de Laclos's **"Dangerous Liaisons,"** a lively eighteenth-century novel-in-letters about love destroyed by decadence, appears in two editions (Penguin, **"Les Liaisons Dangereuses,"** $1.25; Bantam, 75¢). Another is Zola's **"Germinal"** (Penguin, $1.25; Dolphin, $1.45), a grim exposé of poverty among miners in northern France.

"Ah, this is a love story if there ever was one!" wrote Flaubert to Turgenev about **"The Torrents of Spring"** (Vintage, $1.25). "You know everything there is to know about life and you know how to put it into words, which is an even rarer accomplishment."

Other first-of-the-year fiction includes Isak Dinesen's **"Winter's Tales"** (Vintage, $1.25), a collection of some of the best of her eerily Gothic stories; Harriette Arnow's beautifully told tale of a Kentucky woman, **"The Dollmaker"** (Collier, 95¢), and George Goodman's breezy but often moving story of an American girl abroad, **"A Time for Paris"** (Bantam, 40¢).

## BIOGRAPHY

With the mountains of biographies that have been written, it's surprising that so little attention has been paid to the business of biography itself. Now, James L. Clifford, professor of English at Columbia, has given a suitable nod to the subject in **"Biography as an Art"** (Galaxy, $1.75). James Boswell, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Leon Edel are among those whose essays are collected here in an attempt to answer some essential questions about the nature of biography.

H. F. M. Prescott, an English writer better known to American readers for her many top-notch historical novels, has turned to straight biography in **"Mary Tudor"** (Macmillan, $1.95). It's marvelously readable yet never frivolous in its re-creation of the life and woeful times of "Bloody Mary." Another Englishwoman, Edith Sitwell, put aside her poetry long enough to write **"Fanfare for Elizabeth"** (Macmillan, $1.65), and it's no wonder, either. Clearly Dame Edith was fascinated by Henry VIII's England, and her loving descriptions of Renaissance elegance almost overshadow her heroine, Elizabeth I, as a young girl.

In **"Andrew Jackson—Symbol for an Age"** (Galaxy, $1.75), John William Ward's scholarly study, the seventh President emerges in all his complex


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vigor as the personification of his changing times. His contemporary **"John C. Calhoun"** (Sentry, $2.45), the subject of Margaret L. Coit's Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, resigned from the Vice Presidency to run for the U.S. Senate, later became Secretary of State, and helped annex Texas.

**USA**

One of the most crucial problems in urban areas is the assimilation of immigrant groups, a problem somewhat different but no less troublesome now than at the turn of the century. Oscar Handlin's **"The Newcomers"** (Anchor, $1.25) is a challenging examination of the life of Puerto Ricans and Negroes in New York City. He discusses the trap in which low-income, nonwhite groups find themselves and outlines as well some paths by which help may be forthcoming.

Another new paperback dealing with a current social problem is Yale sociologist A. B. Hollingshead's **"Elmtown's Youth"** (Science Editions, Basic Books, $2.45), which analyzes the activities of adolescents in a contemporary Midwestern town. Some 700 boys and girls were studied in relation to jobs, education, sex, and religion in an attempt to understand the forces that influence youth's actions.

Both Walter Lord's **"The Good Years"** (Bantam, 75¢) and John Kenneth Galbraith's **"The Great Crash, 1929"** (Sentry, $1.35) present pictures of America at another, earlier time. "The Good Years," according to Mr. Lord, were the first fourteen of this century, when Teddy Roosevelt was wielding the big stick, suffragettes were on the march, and a lot of people, as yet unharrassed by a world war, were having fun doing the turkey trot. It's a happy book filled with well-chosen details—corned beef was 8¢ a pound, a man's suit was $10, and 9 mph in a car was considered speeding—and good for an evening's nostalgia.

"Some years, like some poets and politicians and some lovely women, are singled out for fame far beyond the common lot, and 1929 was clearly such a year," writes John Kenneth Galbraith in "The Great Crash," a fascinating account of the forces that led to national disaster.

**"America in the World"** ($1.95), edited by Oscar Theodore Barck, Jr., is another in the Meridian Documents of American History series. Significant papers—Wilson's Fourteen Points, FDR's first inaugural address, the Yalta Agreement, the 1945 U.N. Charter, Dulles on Suez, Kennedy and the New Frontier—read like a history of our times.

**THEATRE**

There's always a good deal of wailing from both amateur and professional critics about the poor quality of contemporary American theatre. Yet the new plays in paperback editions seem impressive enough. Certainly **"Four Contemporary American Plays"** (Vintage, $1.45), edited by Bennett Cerf, offers a varied selection with Paddy Chayefsky's "The Tenth Man," Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," Lillian Hellman's "Toys in the Attic," and Saul Levitt's "The Andersonville Trial." Tennessee Williams's **"Summer and Smoke"** (Signet, 50¢) is also out in paperback just in time for the premiere of the movie starring Geraldine Page as Alma Winemuller, the shy minister's daughter, the role that first brought her to the public eye.

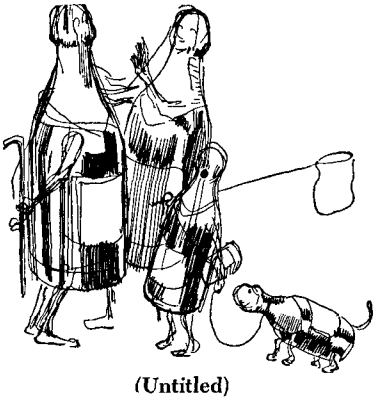
Jack Gelber, the young American playwright whose "improvised" drama "The Connection" was widely acclaimed, now has a new play, **"The Apple"** (Evergreen, $1.75), crammed with an equally wild assortment of characters and relationships.

If we retire Shakespeare from the race, Ibsen gets the trophy as the most-popular-playwright-in-paperbacks. This month brings two more collections of his works. **"Hedda Gabler"** (Anchor, $1.45), in a new translation by Michael Meyer, also includes "The Pillars of Society," "The Wild Duck," and the lesser-known "Little Eyolf." Arvid Paulson has done a new translation of **"The Last Plays of Ibsen"** (Bantam, 60¢), and these—among them "When We Dead Awaken" and "John Gabriel Borkman"—turn from the earlier sharp realism to strange, mystical drama.

**"The Genius of the French Theatre"** (Mentor, 95¢), edited by Albert Bermel, is interesting not only in its selection of eight plays from Molière to Anouilh, but also because of excellent little essays on the French drama by such diverse writers as Swinburne, Gide, and Eric Bentley. This book is one of a series; future volumes will be devoted to the theatre of Russia, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, and Spain.

**"An Anthology of Russian Plays"** (Vintage, $1.45), edited and translated by F. D. Reeve, is the first volume in another projected series. This one covers the century 1790-1890, opening with the comedy "The Minor" by Fonvizin and closing with Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness." The translation seems smooth and polished, but it's a pity the notes are not more extensive.

**MORE THAN** half a century has passed since Heinrich Kley filled his sketchbooks with weird, savage drawings depicting the bizarre decadence of pre-World War I Germany. **"The Drawings of Heinrich Kley"** (Dover, $1.85) satirizes a nation doing a frantic death dance on the path towards war. The artist's ruthless attack on false values and cardboard culture remains even today an untarnished protest.



(Untitled)

"Chamber Trio"



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# Saturday Review

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## The Long, Shrill City

WHEN narcotics squad detectives recently raided a loft apartment in a depressed area of New York City, they came on a scene straight out of "The Beggar's Opera." Every square foot of the long, dingy apartment was crowded with human derelicts who were sleeping on the floor, or sitting huddled in corners; dimly visible overhead were a number of gay paper ceiling ornaments, left over from the days when the loft had been a dance hall. After searching the crowd, the detectives arrested six men who were carrying hypodermic needles and packets of heroin; they also arrested the derelicts' host, a mild, weedy-looking man who was charged with harboring drug addicts in his apartment.

At police headquarters, the weedy-looking man claimed he was actually well-to-do, but that he had chosen to live among the homeless in order to provide them with food, shelter, and clothing. His door, he said, was open to all, including a small minority of narcotic addicts, since he had not known it was against the law to feed and clothe people with the drug habit. Checking his story, the police found that the man was indeed neither a vagrant nor a drug addict. He was John Sargent Cram, a millionaire who had been educated at Princeton and Oxford and whose family had long been noted for its philanthropies. Wishing to avoid the rigmarole of organized charity work, Cram had simply moved into the loft and set about helping the derelicts directly, at a cost of $100 or so a day. He made a point of not giving the men money, he told the police, because it only went for cheap wine.

At a later hearing, a variety of witnesses spoke of Cram's kindness and altruism, and it was brought out that the Spanish-speaking population of the area knew him as *Papa Dio*—"Father God." Amid cheers in the courtroom, the Prince Myshkin-like Mr. Cram was freed on his promise that he would bar drug addicts from his loft. He later told reporters, "I don't know that my work does much good, but I don't think it does any harm. . . . I'm quite happy, you know. I'm anything but a despondent person. Call me eccentric. Call it my reason for being. I have no other." John Cram then rejoined his friends in the shadows of the metropolis Henry James once called "the long, shrill city."

THE key word in John Cram's description of himself is "eccentric," for *Papa Dio* belongs to an offbeat, nonconformist tradition that has been a force in American life since Colonial days. Every nation has its share of magnificent eccentrics, but America's size, diversity, and free political climate have produced so many improbable personalities that we cannot begin to take proper account of them. This is a pity, for the lives of great eccentrics are often instructive and prophetic, as well as entertaining.

For instance, one of the great cautionary tales in our history is the little-remembered story of Joseph Palmer, a New Englander whose saga is retold in Stewart Holbrook's brilliant work "Lost Men of American History." Palmer was an oddball in one respect only: he chose to wear a full, Biblical beard at a time when not another set of chin whiskers was to be seen along the entire Eastern Seaboard. A highly educated man of kindly disposition, Palmer was in his early forties when he moved his family in 1830 from their farm into the town of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. At the sight of his beard, the people of Fitchburg reacted as if a dinosaur had appeared on Main Street at high noon. Without ado, the citizenry organized an incredible campaign of spite, calumny, and physical violence aimed at forcing the newcomer to shave off his whiskers. His house was stoned, his son was repeatedly taunted and attacked, and the minister of his new church refused him communion despite Palmer's good-natured reminder that the Bible itself had a good word to say for chin foliage. Finally, he was attacked on the main street by four citizens intent on cutting the beard off with scissors; but Palmer, a powerful man, was able to beat off his assailants. Thereupon, the local sheriff jailed him for "assaulting" the four men.

Eventually, news of the outrage reached the world outside Fitchburg, causing such an uproar that Palmer was released with his whiskers intact. Soon afterward the fashion began to change, and within a few decades America became a forest of beards. Now Palmer was lionized because of his Jovian beard; and on his walks through Fitchburg he would regularly encounter his old antagonist, the beard-hating minister, sporting whiskers of his own.

Another neglected American "exotic" is Frederick Townsend Ward, the free-lance military genius who saved China's Manchu dynasty from certain overthrow in the 1860s, during the Taiping rebellion. An eccentric in the grand tradition, Ward believed no bullet could kill him, so he would go into battle armed only with a swagger stick, and wearing a string tie and frock coat. Ward and his all-Chinese "Ever-Victorious Army" not only routed millions of Taiping rebels, but proved to the skeptical Western colony in China that Asians made first-rate soldiers if they were well trained, well rewarded, and generally treated as humans.

John Cram, Joseph Palmer, and Frederick Townsend Ward are Americans separated widely in time and space, but they belong to a national tradition of vitality, perverseness, and independence from which we all draw strength. Perhaps the world would understand us better if it knew that this tradition is an important, if intangible, part of our Gross National Product. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.



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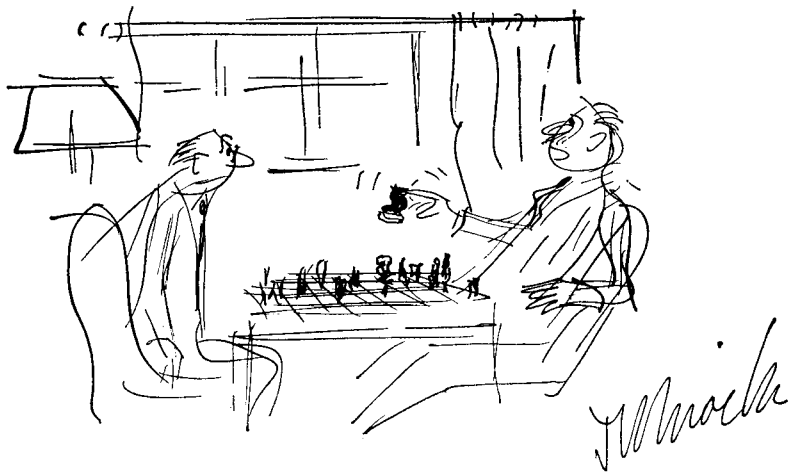
# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## THE RESERVISTS



I CANNOT RESIST commenting upon the double editorial, "The Unhappy GIs" [*SR*, Jan. 6], by your staff members H.A.S. and N.C., because it displays an especially disheartening shortcoming on the part of N.C. I sympathize completely with the editor's concern for the preservation of human dignity and the right of the individual in a free society to criticize the government. However, H.A.S.'s editorial nowhere states or implies that he does not equally share this concern; in fact, I strongly suspect that he does.

But where H.A.S. discusses the reluctance of some reservists to accept their responsibility, together with possible effects upon national morale, N.C. counters with examples of brutality in Army training, an important but obviously irrelevant subject. Where H.A.S. discusses the irresponsible manner in which the press is exaggerating the complaints of "a disgruntled few," N.C. brings up the issue of the freedom of the press, a related but different matter, since to urge responsibility is not to deny freedom. Such departures from the ordinary rules of logic are both irritating and embarrassing, since I think highly of *SR* and often recommend it to friends. Assertions that are valid per se lose much of their force when presented in a framework of sloppy logic. . . .

HOWARD GREENSTEIN.
Stanford, Calif.

I AGREE WITH N.C. to the letter. I served my country in the U.S. Army and know from experience that many, many instances of brutality and injustice occur during an enlisted man's military days.

Ruthless non-coms seemed about as obvious as ever during the three years I was a member of the military forces. I won't go into detail with numerous examples of brutality and sadism, but I will say that our modern army is also suffering from a very serious case of unscreened officers and non-coms who operate much like gangsters toward the unfortunate ranks of enlisted men who are thrown to the wolves as a matter of practice on being drafted. . . .

ALFRED E. RATHMANN.
Manitowoc, Wis.

IT WAS GOOD to see H.A.S.'s clear-cut rebuttal to the reservist gripers and the newspapers that have capitalized on their complaints.

But what the editorial fails to mention and what the newspapers have largely ignored is the Army's display of inhumanity to the reservists with severe family problems. There are many men on active duty who would never have been called in the event of war. In one unit alone a man's wife is dying of cancer, another's motherless child is in the hands of sick and elderly grandparents, two others have wives who are seriously ill and unable to care for the children alone. Despite the urgency of these and other cases, the applications of the men for hardship discharges are treated to the usual red tape and then, weeks later, rejected.

There may have been just and sufficient reasons for the call-up but there can be no excuse for the military's callous disregard of the agony it has caused in many homes.

A REACTIVATED RESERVIST.
Fort Bragg, N.C.

CONGRATULATIONS TO H.A.S. for his powerful "A Familiar Cry." It's about time we began examining the motives behind the rash of newspaper articles labeled the "truth" about the big Reserve build-up. Freedom of the press is not license to knowingly mislead the public.

In a recent nationally syndicated column carried by a New York paper an article "exposed" a so-called lack of concern toward an ill reservist. Unfortunately the article was written without bothering to question the officers involved, the patient's family, his doctor (myself)—or even to interview the patient, who never knew of the reporter and had, in fact, been evacuated to Walter Reed Hospital a week before the alleged incidents took place. Why? The story had been created as a joke by a group of imaginative New York City reservists in the midst of a volleyball game and accepted by a reporter more interested in hot copy for home town readers than in the defense of his country.

(Capt.) ROBERT M. VIDAVER, MC,
U.S. Army Reserve.
Augusta, Ga.

N.C.'s WORRY OVER Marines getting whacked on the feet and a soldier having to eat a love letter are good samples of atypical life in the military. Nobody condones it. It happens so rarely it's news.

During the recent holidays a reservist stationed at an army camp came home and offered a new kind of complaint. He told me that everybody is too nice in his outfit. "The company commander doesn't give us orders to do a thing," he said. "He asks us if we have time to do it."

"Doesn't the captain have lieutenants who can give direct orders?" I asked.

The reservist explained that the company has two lieutenants, but they are equally unanxious to offend and eager to please the men.

"How about the first sergeant? What does he do?"

"He doesn't want to make anybody mad. He's about like the others," said the reservist. . . .

PETE IVEY.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

HURRAH FOR H.A.S. and his editorial "A Familiar Cry." N.C. has no conception of what is involved in training a soldier. His examples of "senseless brutality" would provoke derisive laughter from the "rats" (freshman cadets) at VMI, George C. Marshall's alma mater, not to mention Marine "boots," etc. After all, these men are not being trained for the Peace Corps. They are being trained to protect their country by killing its enemies if necessary, preferably without being killed themselves. It's a tough, mean, heartless, and sometimes thankless job.

I don't think Washington or Lee would appreciate the way in which N.C. used their names to bolster his "reply." How much sympathy would these tough-minded men have for the whinings of the trainees? It was Washington, remember, who forced an army to freeze at Valley Forge because he knew that if they went home for the winter they wouldn't come back. Lee sent one of the most superb infantry units of all time to almost certain death at Gettysburg in the belief that their training and blind devotion to him would prevail over massed Yankee cannon.

Not "sadists," N.C., but soldiers, without whom you and I would be denied the privilege of writing these epistles.

HOWARD L. SMITH, M.D.
Marlin, Tex.



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## Nothing Sacred

Edited by Martin Levin

### AUTOGRAPH PARTY

The salesgirl piles the books in neat alignment
Upon the table one last time, and sighs, "So there!"
How reassuring that they're on consignment.
The buyer thinks, and curls a lock of hair.

The author comes, shakes hands, and with a flourish
Signs all the copies (five) the clerks have bought.
On one of them, his pen becoming furrish,
He leaves, with name and best regards, a blot.

Two hours drag past, and although there are plenty
Who come to chat, few buy. (For one he signed
A card.) Then he, enriched three dollars twenty,
Departs—and leaves his fountain pen behind.

—Richard Armour.

• • •

### THE ESKIMO

THE average Eskimo is actually below average. He is descended from Mongols. What happened is, a few thousand years ago a large group of Mongols traveled up the east coast of Asia on their way north to avoid somebody . . . maybe the Chinese. They crossed the Bering Strait into this continent, turned south and went on to become Aztecs and Incas. But a few of them got off at the North Pole and became Eskimos. The Eskimos more or less stuck together and kept the language going for awhile but it didn't hold up. For one thing they no longer needed the word "Chinese," and even "Mongol" went out of style. Then they had to make up a lot of new ones such as *kayak, igloo, husky*, etc.

The Eskimos let all the "weather" words go by the board except for "worse" and "frightful."

After a few thousand years there wasn't much language left because where they lived there's not much to talk about. Eskimo has no word for fruit-cup, or Pennsylvania, or motorcycle. They don't discuss Krishna Menon or psitticosis. They spend no time whatsoever on Modigliani, syzygy, Dear Abby, yams, emeralds, or ping-pong.

The Incas and the Aztecs went to a nice warm climate where they had plenty to eat and the living was easy and they haven't been heard of in five hundred years.

Eskimos aren't terribly bright but walruses don't learn either. There are also the seal, the sea lion, whale, and common cold, but the Eskimo never catches the common cold.

When the New York Yankees win the Series and announce they are the champions of the world, this does not necessarily include the Eskimos.

An Eskimo will lend you his wife. Even in their limited language it gives them something to talk about.

No Eskimo has ever eaten a banana.

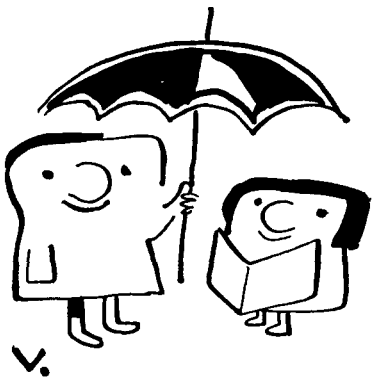
—Henry Morgan.

• • •

### WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF NOTHING

LATELY I've noticed that positive thinking is passé as a system of personal happiness. The pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. The new trend is negative in outlook—a kind of non-living. These days it's what you *don't* do that makes you happy. It's what you don't have that gives you a thrill and a sense of freedom.

This is how non-living works. Say you're taking a vacation trip. You book a non-stop flight to Rome (no dull landings in Paris or London where the hydraulic fluid might give out). You travel with no time limit, no jet surcharge, no passport, no visa. You take with you a camera that needs no focusing, no winding, no adjusting for light. Your travel wardrobe requires no ironing. In case you have trouble sleeping in a Roman bed, you pack a bottle of sleeping pills that will cause no drug habit and no drug hangover. For waking up you take with you a no cord, no wind electronic transistor clock. When you sit back at the end of your trip and contemplate all the things you didn't do and didn't have, you know you must have enjoyed yourself.



The other day I was in the kitchen counting my blessings. I felt 100 per cent more optimistic after looking at my no drip lip bleach bottle, my no stick frying pan, my no hands, self-lowering toaster, my shelves lined with "No Bugs Milady" paper, and my frost-free refrigerator filled with non-fat milk, no cholesterol, non-hydrogenated margarine, and no-cal beverages in no deposit, no return bottles. True, we've sunk a pretty penny in all these no's, but then even non-living costs money.

Knowing this, American manufacturers are pushing the crusade for happiness by elimination full stop ahead. They have given the women non-smear lipstick, no snag, no run stockings, reducing systems requiring no diets, no drugs, and no exercises, the no neutralizer home permanent, and now their ultimate triumph, the no seam bra.

For the men they have come up with no stitch wallets, no stay shirt collars, no nicotine, no tar cigarettes, no taste, no smell vodka (if it produces a headache, take an aspirin which does not upset the stomach), non-pleated pants with no cuffs, and no lube cars with tubeless tires. Who could ask for anything less?

Even tiny babies have not been overlooked. For them there is the pinless diaper—no pins, no buttons, no hooks, no snaps. (Its fastener is gummed plastic, in case you're curious. But who cares what it *is*? It's what it *isn't* that counts.)

The passion for nothingness is also raging in the arts. Authors are producing non-books which are being eagerly devoured by non-readers from coast to coast. Every poet of stature is giving us poetry with no meter and no rhyme. Painting is non-objective. Music is atonal. In the theatre plays are being produced which have no plots and practically no characters. A recent success featured only one actor and a non-magnetic tape recorder.

The trend is well on its way. I don't know where it will end, but I suspect that, with the full cooperation of the Russians and their *nyet*, the ultimate in non-living may be just around the corner.

—Margaret Bennett.



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# Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

**THE ARMENIAN HERESY:** Old wives all know that troubles come in bunches, and I am learning that strange questions can do the same. For some reason I cannot begin to imagine, I have recently had five different students in five different states ask me after a lecture if the work of a translator in rendering Dante into English is not as creatively demanding as it would have been to compose the original.

The implications of such a question are gorgeously flattering, and as the world goes, I hate to turn away any compliment as sublime as that, even an oafish one. Let the ape behind my brain hug that offering to himself. But by as much of me as has heard any news from mankind, dear oafish friends, your question drops you into a species of oversimplifying stupidity I have come to think of as the Armenian Heresy. May you learn to repent it before your eyes reduce another page to the pulp of your minds.

I came upon the Armenian Heresy in Warren House, a suburb of Harvard College whose principal homecraft, there at the subsistence fringe of that manufacturing center, is the English language. There, one bright afternoon as I was knitting red ink into a ravel of Freshman themes, an impressive white-haired gentleman with the head of a lion appeared to me. He was clutching what I estimated to be thirty-five pounds of manuscript poems. I, obviously, had been chosen to read them.

They were miserable poems, full of such major sentiments as "the stars endure," "life is sad," and "the grass covers all." The author, as a matter of fact, spoke English only with difficulty, more nearly approximating than achieving idiom. Armenian, it turned out, was his native language.

In deference to his personal dignity and courtesy, I could not bring myself to tell him outright how bad the poems were. In fact, I pussyfooted. I told him how much I admired his dedication to (I did not say "achievement of") wisdom. But, gently, I suggested that a poet must, after all, use language. In which connection, I submitted, his less than entirely certain grasp of the English language might impose a firm limit on his ambition to write English poetry.

He saw the point—sadly for a moment. Then his whole marvelous face lighted. Why not, he suggested, a collaboration? He had the wisdom—I had said so myself. (I had not.) It was only necessary that I supply the English of which I so obviously had a lot.

I do not know in detail how I managed to detach myself from that one. I have an uncertain memory of the dark hallway and of a window at one end through which the sun came filtered through leafage, and of a man with a majestic face going downstairs backwards, clutching a double armful of manuscript and saying over and over "But the wisdom! The wisdom!" as I made random noises about a committee meeting, my grandmother's funeral at which I was afraid I was overdue, and my urgent need to check back with my doctor about those symptoms he thought might be bubonic plague.

So exit the Armenian Heresy, still firm in the faith that one man's words may be shaken in equal parts with another man's wisdom and emerge as poetry.

As for Dante, an even more majestic though austerer and wiser head, his translators are and will forever remain no more than his clerks and no less than his embezzlers. But even when they fail him least, they are to his creation no more than map-makers are to geography.

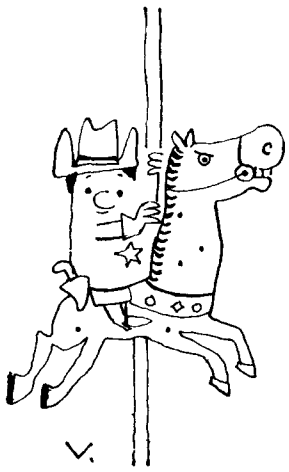
Let the mush-heads in the student body, however gracious their manner, realize that the basic difference between reasoning and understanding is roughly the difference between drawing and tracing or between exploring and going tourist.

Reasoning is, at root, the ability to make new and meaningful connections. Newton, or so the queasy legend goes, saw an apple fall. He already knew something about the forces of the earth's rotation and mass. In a flash of insight he saw a connection between the one motion and the other. And so, inaccurate legend still testifying, the law of gravity was born. In a series of similar insights, including some large-handed theft from Kepler and others, Newton took over the legend of having reasoned calculus into existence. Where ever the proper credit lies, however, a reasoning process had taken place.

Understanding, on the other hand, is the ability to recognize the validity of such connections after they have been made. Understanding is, to be sure, a gift of pearl. But it is the ability to reason that remains the rare diamond. Any good undergraduate mathematician can understand the calculus, but which of them could have reasoned it into existence?

So any loving clerk, in the delight of his reading, may win to an understanding of Dante's details and of the sublime connections that mark the architecture of his concepts. A gifted clerk may even display some ingenuity in handling the transcription of details. But what man in that society of clerks could permit himself the gross illusion that he is himself the architect? Or a peer of the architect? As if all that were necessary were Dante's wisdom and a clerk's words to equal his structure anew in another language.

Confuse the clerk and the master, dear flattering oafs, and you confuse all mentality to porridge. Let my ape love you for these unearned bananas. The ape and I are both frankly bewildered by the fact that so many of you so far apart should ask exactly the same impossible question, but the ape never stays bewildered long. As he goes back into his cage munching happily, it is I who must summon one scolding example of whatever a man is—say a figure as irate, as warty, and as majestic as Cato of Utica, whom Dante has set as the guardian of his Purgatorio—to chastise you to grace. Stop your nonsense and go climb the mountain that counts.



**TO SIX STUDENTS (HOMEWORK DONE FOR):** The motto prefixed to Eliot's "Prufrock" is from the "Inferno." The lines are spoken by Guido da Montefeltro, who, for giving evil counsel, is inclosed in a tongue of flame. A modified rendering (skirting a number of footnotes) might be: "If I believed I were speaking to a man who could return to the world, this fiery tongue would remain still. But since no one, if what I hear be true, returns alive from these depths, I shall answer you with no fear of tarnishing my name." The gist of the lines is that the damned may speak openly to one another.



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# A LEGACY FOR THE BLIND

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**A letter from a blind student**
(Michigan State University)

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Recording for the Blind, Inc.
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Please send me your leaflet explaining how I can make a tax-deductible gift or bequest on behalf of your educational program for the blind.

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## Runaway!

THE easiest way to get into a fight, or lose a friend, in Hollywood today is to argue the merits of "runaway" production. With feature production in the film capital shrinking steadily, the guilds and the unions view with intense hostility any producer working east of Burbank or west of Culver City. Should he elect to remain within the continental limits of the United States, but outside of Hollywood, he is spurning the hand that fed him; if he moves on to Mexico, Europe, or the Orient, he is patently, at the very least, un-American. It would be foolish to pretend that esthetics are the sole consideration in such a move. Lower production costs, foreign government subsidies, and talent availability also weigh heavily. But the attractions of exotic locales are not to be ignored either. Indeed, not infrequently, the background becomes the prime justification both for making and for seeing a picture.

Take, for example, **"Light in the Piazza,"** with its generous side-glances at Florence and Rome. The story is sheer lunacy. A pretty American girl, kicked in the head by a pony at the age of ten, is taken to Italy by her mother. Father believes that the child should be placed in a mental institution, but the mother wants something better. She finds it when a wealthy Italian youth falls in love with the girl. To the father's protests, the mother replies that she has observed the Italian matrons. "All they do is sit around reading fan magazines and talk about movie stars," she insists. And while the girl remains clearly a mental case, the film ends with the wedding, and every suggestion that the marriage will be a happy one. Despite the efforts of Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi, Yvette Mimieux, and George Hamilton to make sense of all this, it is the sun-drenched squares and bristling streets of Florence, its gardens and its galleries, that engage the eye and soothe the mind.

One can be no less grateful for the French Riviera and the rich, flavorsome re-creations of Paris in the Twenties (plus prolonged stopovers in Switzerland and Italy) as presented in **"Tender Is the Night."** Actually, this adaptation of the Fitzgerald novel has strengths beyond the merely picturesque. Ivan Moffat's screenplay preserves an extraordinary amount of the point and feel of the original; while Jennifer Jones, quivering with neuroses, is a superb Nicole Diver, and Tom Ewell has some memorable scenes as the drunken, frustrated composer, Abe. What the film lacks is a strong, irresistible Dick Diver (Jason Robards, Jr., makes him rather dreary and petulent, with only brief flashes of charm) and, more important, a sense of frivolity, of an unbridled hedonism bubbling through the lives of the Divers to push them to their final, tragic self-realization. Despite the gaiety of its settings, the film moves ponderously, somberly under Henry King's heavy hand. The characters are truly Fitzgerald's, but the direction makes them seem more like Ibsen's.

**"A Majority of One"** is a "runaway" that never left home. Brooklyn, Japan, the better part of an ocean liner—all were reproduced in painstaking detail on Warner Brothers' sound stages. No doubt Hollywood's patriots will cheer the gesture, but under Mervyn LeRoy's stodgy direction it serves only to accentuate the stage origins of the work. Indeed, Leonard Spigelgass, adapting his own play, has shown little inclination to tamper with a success. A bit more of the home life of the Blacks is included, and some scenes of the streets of Tokyo. For the rest, there is Rosalind Russell as a kind of Jewish "Auntie Mame," playing warmly and skilfully, but never quite disguising the fact that both accent and manner have been borrowed for the occasion; and Alec Guinness, suave and appealing as the Japanese tycoon, but every once in a while sounding a good deal more Semitic than Miss Russell.

And **"A View from the Bridge"** is a "runaway" in reverse—a French production with an international cast produced (in English) in Brooklyn. The result is an odd, uncomfortable mixture of styles, from the solemn neorealism of Raf Vallone to the fluttery naturalism of Maureen Stapleton, from the florid theatricality of Morris Carnovsky to the soft understatement of Raymond Pellegrin and Carol Lawrence. Significantly, director Sidney Lumet has been unable either to weld them together as a dramatic unit, or to play them against each other for contrast and color. Like everything else in this self-conscious adaptation of the Arthur Miller play, the performances fail to jell. But perhaps that is because the characters were mere puppets to begin with.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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## Sunny Side Down

FOR those of us who found ourselves delighted with Washington's Arena Stage production of Felicien Marceau's **"The Egg"** last season (*SR*, Dec. 10, 1960), the quick failure of the new Broadway production constitutes one more sad example of the destructiveness of our producing system. Instead of merely picking up and bringing to New York F. Cowles Strickland's marvelous Washington presentation—which featured William Shust's perfect portrayal of Magis, the little man who becomes a thief, an informer, an adulterer, and finally a murderer only as reasonable reactions to "the system" of lies and delusions the world uses to protect itself from the discomforts of facing reality—the New York producers recast the play with the star nightclub performer Dick Shawn in the leading role. They did so because they could not raise the required money without such a star to offer investors.

While Mr. Shawn is a skilful and inventive performer, he seemed much too robust and extraverted to dwindle into the role of Magis. And Lamont Johnson's direction encouraged the other actors to play in a farcical and less credible style. While the script remained virtually the same, and many of the performances were highly entertaining, the play became an insistently cynical and cold attack on the stupidity and coarseness of people, rather than a warm and reluctant acceptance by a timid and nonmalevolent man of a "system" that encourages these things. A fresh and highly remarkable comic work had separated into chilled fun and unconvincing thesis.

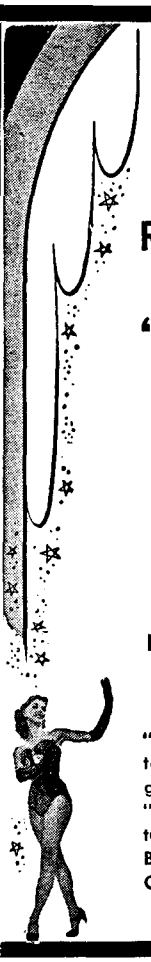
There is also separation in the new production of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's **"Romulus"** as adapted by Gore Vidal. This comedy sets out as a playful lampoon of history, vacillates between professed underlying seriousness and facetious resolutions of every seemingly serious problem, and ends up with one intellectually interesting scene between a wise Roman emperor and an enlightened Gothic conqueror. The emperor, Romulus, is also a historian who understands the futility of Rome's all-conquering past. And the Goth chief, Ottiker, is a nonbarbarian forced into leadership by the power struggle, who understands the futility of the future conquest by barbarous powers of more civilized countries. They both recognize that the world will ultimately be ruled by big business, represented amusingly in the play by a nouvean-riche pants manufacturer named Otto Rupf.

Admittedly Cyril Ritchard is a rare joy when he is pretending to be more concerned with trivia and luxury than he is with family or state crises. And so is Cathleen Nesbitt as his high-society empress. Yet when the play suddenly reveals that the emperor is deadly in earnest about voluntarily liquidating his own Roman Empire, we do not quite believe that it is the same character speaking.

The lines and events of the play suggest that the original author may have had a less merry and more biting evening in mind. A Romulus who didn't get such undisguised satisfaction out of achieving the bon mot, and a court which, though run-down, still believed in majesty and protocol, would seem essential to the placing of the entire story at one depth of focus. As it stands, the fun is sporadic, the satire is discursive, and while the final scene is fascinating it derives little benefit from the presentation of the many episodes that precede it.

WHEN one sets out to revive an old-fashioned melodrama, there is always the temptation for the actors to wink at the audience and embroider the old-fashionedness into silliness. Happily this is not the case with the current Off-Broadway revival of **"The Ticket-of-Leave Man."** The dialogue, the manner, and the sentiments of Tom Taylor's 1863 play are absurdly dated, but under Robert Moore's disciplined direction the members of the cast play each scene as if their lives depended upon it. Just as a man telling a funny story can be more effective by insisting upon gravity at the moments when the laughter is strongest, so do these actors use the fullest sincerity and intensity of feeling to make the lines hilarious. Philip Bosco employs his Gielgud-like power to give us Hawkshaw, the detective determined to avenge the killing of his pal. Joseph Plummer is at his best when, as the innocent ex-convict, he refuses to blame his employer for discriminating against him. And Mary Harrigan, as the faithful wife, works so hard at virtue that she stays deliciously breathless throughout the evening. They and their fellow actors' constant avoidance of cuteness make this the funniest and most perfectly carried off spoof since "The Boy Friend."

—HENRY HEWES.

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# Philadelphia's Rich Art Lode

AN HOUR and a half from New York by train, within relatively easy commuting distance, is Philadelphia, one of the richest art lodes in America. Manhattanites who, surfeited by the wealth of art in their own city, sometimes tend (with almost provincial assurance) to overlook the offerings of their nearest neighbors, are making a grave mistake where Philadelphia is concerned, as indeed are thousands of out-of-town New York visitors. For certain extraordinary concentrations and certain surpassingly great masterpieces make this city an unforgetable art focus.

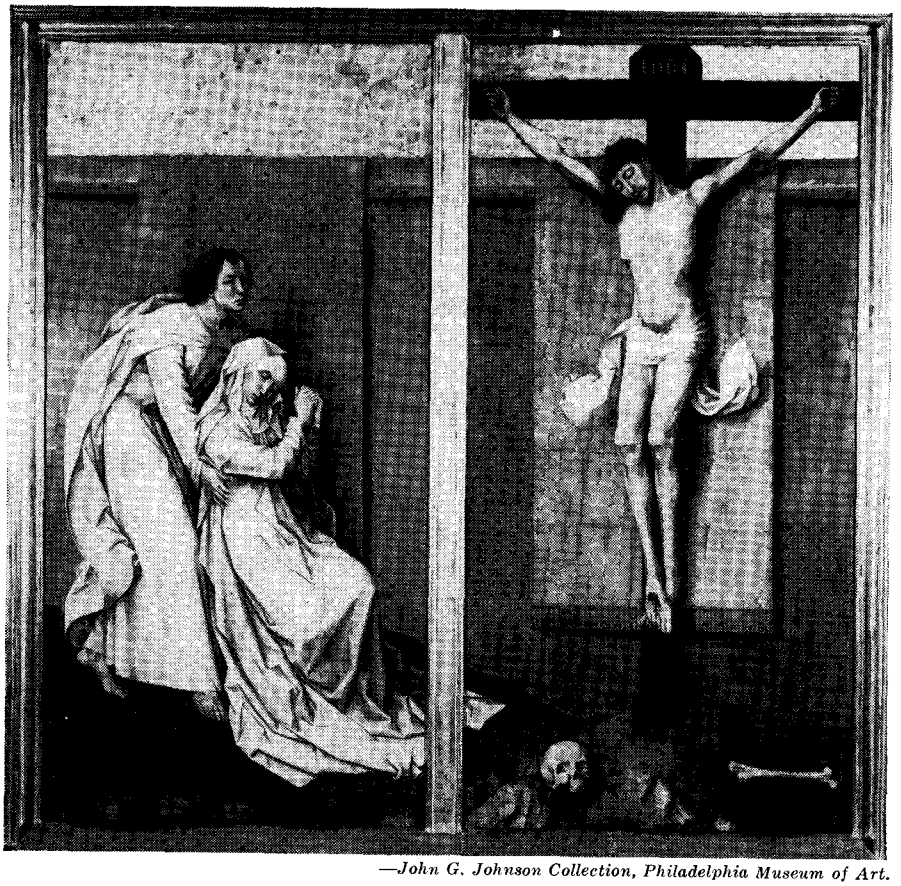
Here, a large number of distinguished art institutions, far more than one finds in or near the average metropolitan center, compete for attention. First of all there is the justly renowned Barnes Foundation at Merion, a collection so famous that the reputation of its masterworks is rivaled only by the difficulties of getting in to see them. This gallery boasts probably the largest single holding of works by Renoir, and in addition superb Cézannes, Matisses, and innumerable other paintings by illustrious nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. In suburban Jenkintown is the Rosenwald collection, a concentration of old master and modern prints unequalled elsewhere in the country (see *SR*, Sept. 23, 1961). For anyone studying the first century of printmaking, a visit to this gallery is obligatory. Nowhere in the world can be found so many rare fifteenth-century wood- and metal-cuts.

In the city proper, a single day hardly allows time for even a fraction of the art to be seen. One should not miss the Rodin Museum, a unique small gallery devoted to the greatest sculptor before Brancusi and since Michelangelo. Nor should one overlook notable archeological objects from the Near East, Far East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas (with particular emphasis on Negro art) at the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Here again, standards are high and coverage often excellent.

On the same university campus a recently erected building is making architectural history. I refer to the new Alfred Newton Richards Medical Research Building designed by Louis I. Kahn, models and drawings of which were shown last summer at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Honest, inventive, and completely non-banal, this pre-cast concrete, brick, and glass structure is predicated on vertically stacked open studio laboratories, a wonderfully functional group devoid of the sometimes flimsy, often shiny surfaces that harass so much of modern architecture. What makes this strong, self-assertive building especially convincing is its ability to adapt to the needs of scientific research while yet remaining a handsome structure with a specific personality of its own.

AND finally there is the impressive Philadelphia Museum of Art, a huge institution forbidding in its sprawling size but reassuring in the quality of its collections. Rather than merely list its numerous departments and services (such as the library, educational classes, and the Oriental, medieval, and print departments) I have chosen to limit myself to a few ineffable works that have haunted me for years. Here hangs (for me) the most moving painting in the United States—Roger van der Weyden's "Crucifixion with Virgin and St. John." Sublime color and flawless composition are only minor ingredients; its real magic comes from a kind of incandescent fervor that goes beyond church and religion to encompass man's deepest faith. Due to obvious problems of preservation, this fifteenth-century Flemish painting on wood will doubtless never be seen elsewhere. Though other important objects in the museum can conceivably be safely packed and shipped, it is unlikely that entire important concentrations will travel in toto. For example, roughly three-quarters of Marcel Duchamp's life work is in the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection, which was recently given to the Philadelphia Museum. All three versions of "A Nude Descending the Staircase" are there (along with the original drawing for it), as well as Duchamp's renowned large glass, "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Own Bachelors, Even." From these same perceptive donors comes the largest group of sculpture by Brancusi in America, a dazzling survey suggesting that this artist was at once the last great classical and yet the first authentic modern sculptor of our times. A city with cumulative collections of both Rodin

(*Continued on page* 35)



*—John G. Johnson Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art.*

**Roger van der Weyden's "Crucifixion with Virgin and Saint John."**



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# LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART

—*Collection Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Winston, Birmingham, Michigan*

"Unique Forms of Continuity in Space," by Umberto Boccioni, 1913.

WITH A DARING rarely equalled in art, Boccioni tried to reproduce authentic sensations of speed by turning a solid metal figure into fluid, fleeting, yet jagged planes. Heretofore sculptors had merely suggested movement, isolating a given moment of activity and allowing the viewer's imagination to supply the rest. Boccioni went further; he wanted to capture the continuous motion of an object, to condense its entire activity in one work of art. Not surprisingly, his interest paralleled new developments at that time in motion picture techniques. Boccioni's striding figure, made nearly fifty years ago, set the pace for a period that was to become more involved with interrelationships than facts, more involved with process than appearance. It was not merely a speeding figure that Boccioni was after; it was the dynamic relationship of speed to the very form that speed was remaking in space. This artist, one of the fathers of Italian Futurism, was both painter and sculptor. In his work, form was fractured, as indeed it always is, when speed causes visual overlapping.

—K.K.

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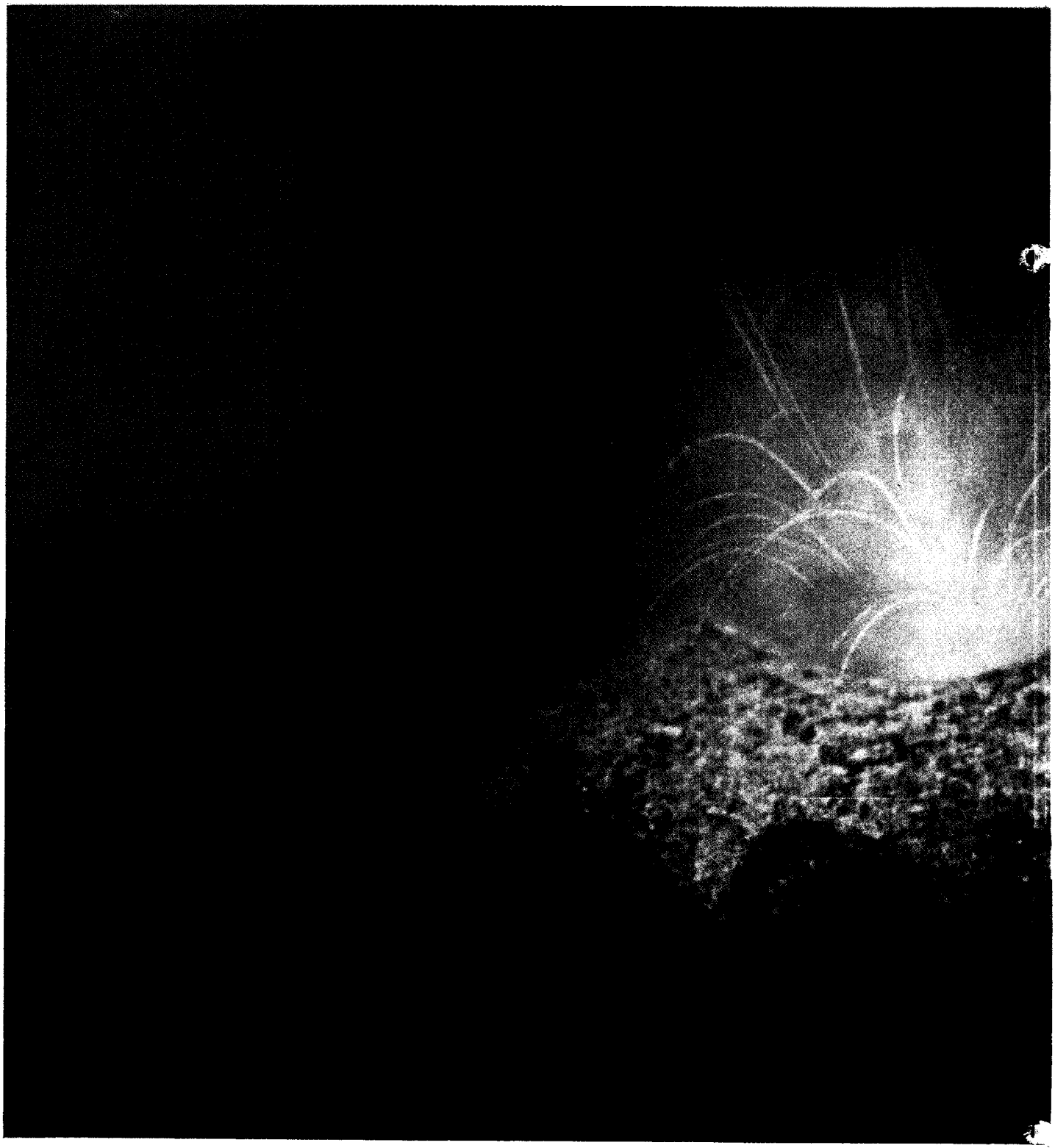

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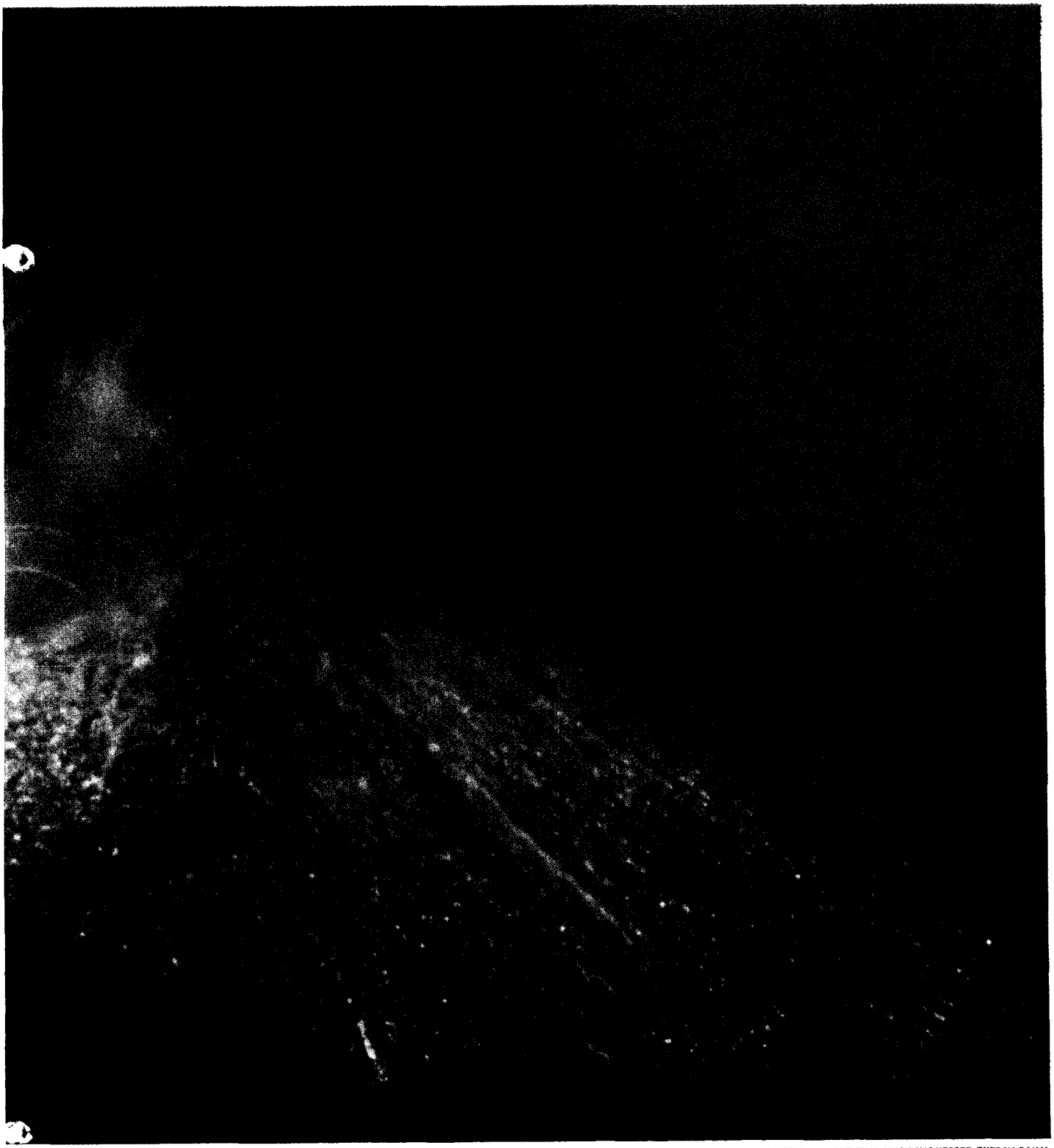

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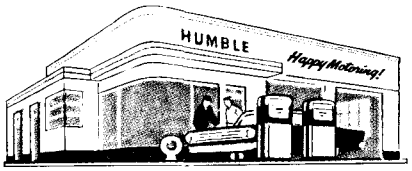

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and Brancusi merits five stars in any guidebook.

With the Gallatin and Arensberg Collections installed next to each other in a long sequence of galleries, the Philadelphia Museum of Art becomes a magnet for students of early cubism, a movement that begins to take on the sanctity and costliness of old-masterhood despite its brief fifty-odd years of existence. Also splendidly represented is cubism's undisputed forerunner, Paul Cézanne, with an early awkward, ardent portrait of his father, with one of this artist's most masterful compositions from the Bather series, and with a late brooding "Mont Sainte Victoire" of 1904. The whole of Cézanne seems condensed into these three masterpieces. Facing each other across a large room are two of our century's best-known cubist paintings, "The City" by Léger, which this artist himself claimed as his greatest work, and "The Three Musicians" by Picasso, another pivotal cubist canvas. As for our own American artist, Thomas Eakins, the present one-man show of his work now traveling in the United States includes exactly twenty-two paintings borrowed from the Philadelphia Museum, in truth the very backbone of the exhibition.

With all its riches, this city still appears to be sorely lacking in one important area—the art of our own immediate times. Missing are outstanding American and European works of the last twenty years. How unfortunate that the early sequence of modern paintings and sculpture has not been brought up to date, especially since these later years have been highly productive in the United States. That this superlative collection could become merely a static historical document is possible, for without growth art can turn into archeology. Surely the present century is still too young, too bold, too promising to be ignored after its first four decades.

It is, of course, true that the museum, along with the Philadelphia Art Alliance and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, all arrange exhibitions of current work from time to time, but this is scarcely enough. An intensive and extensive contemporary acquisition policy, as courageous as those of the museum's two great modern benefactors, Walter Arensberg and Eugene Gallatin, seems eminently in order. One last word of distress. I find it difficult to understand how an excellent organization like the Philadelphia Museum of Art can permit some of its most priceless Brancusi marble carvings to become pock-marked, shabby, and dust incrusted. These pieces, which often depend heavily on the impeccable purity of their surfaces, urgently demand greater protection. —KATHARINE KUH.

***In February Don't Miss:***

*Reinstalled Permanent Collection and Modern Gifts of Seymour H. Knox* in the renovated galleries and new building of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo. This museum, with one of the most extensive and best collections of contemporary American and European art in the country, now expands into quarters large enough for its riches.

*Picasso's Later Works* at the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum. A loan exhibition, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, illustrated books, ceramics, and prints from the last two decades, points up Picasso's incredible versatility.

*Recent Additions to the Collection of European Drawings* at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Sixty examples are included, among them works by such great masters as Rubens, Veronese, Parmigianino, Ingres, Delacroix, and Pietro da Cortona.

*Julio Gonzalez: Sculpture, Enamels, and Drawings* at the San Francisco Museum of Art. This excellent survey of Spain's pioneer modern sculptor was organized by the Galerie Chalette in New York, where it was first seen. The exhibition, which will travel widely in the United States and Canada, is worth watching for.

**FRASER YOUNG'S**

**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 965**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 965 will be found in the next issue.*

RSRQP ARORQZBGNO FZTACL ZB BCR NFE HZLCGNOL, WTB HNFFNKL QRFGAGNTLFP BCR ORK. CROQP EZSGE BCNQRZT.

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 964***

When a man's dog turns against him it is time for a wife to pack her trunk and go home to Mama.
—MARK TWAIN.

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## TV AND RADIO

### More About Balance

THE *Daily News* station in New York, WPIX, has acquired the exclusive television rights to anti-Communist seminars conducted by the National Association of Manufacturers at its recent 66th annual Congress of American Industry. An edited, two-hour version will be shown in New York, an announcement said, and will then be made available to other stations. Fred M. Thrower, vice president and general manager of WPIX, told me that he had sent his camera crews to make tape recordings of the seminars because he had heard that they were to be addressed by "generals, admirals, and FBI men on Communism." Last November the *Daily News* station presented a three-hour version of public rallies in Hollywood by an Anti-Communist Crusade. In commenting in this space (*SR*, Nov. 25) on "Hollywood's Answer to Communism," I deplored the Crusade's totalist, demagogic posture but held that it was proper for it to have its democratic innings on television.

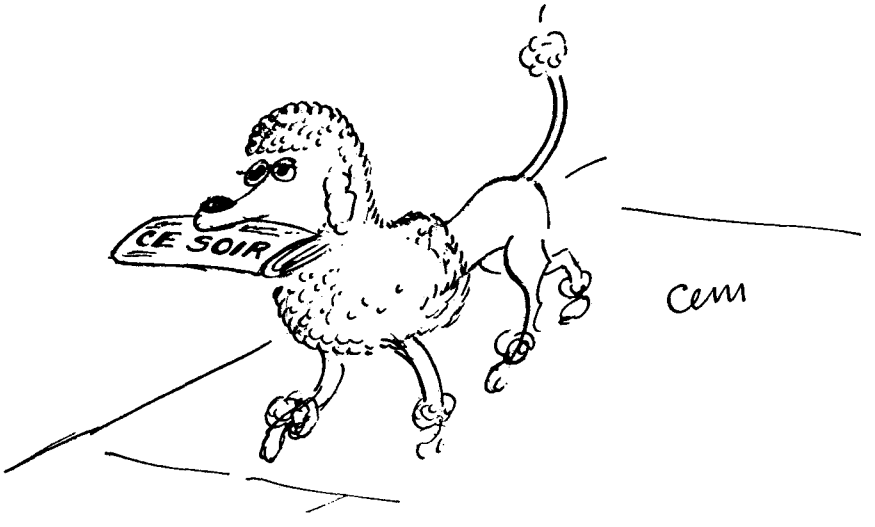
I suggested, however, that WPIX, in presenting the program, had failed in its responsibility as a broadcast licensee to provide a balanced view of alternative methods of dealing with the Communist danger; that it should have sought out other accountable groups or individuals in the spectrum of this controversy. A letter from the West Coast soon informed me that three television stations of the Crown group (KING, Seattle; KGW, Portland; and KREM, Spokane) had acted very commendably in just this way. "The Threat: A Discussion of Approaches to Anti-Communism," was televised over these three stations at the same time last October. The ninety-minute program presented a keynote statement by U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, and a panel discussion with Edward Teller, professor of physics at the University of California; Arthur S. Fleming, president of the University of Oregon and former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare; Gilbert Seldes, dean of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania; and Richard Rovere, staff writer for *The New Yorker*. Following the discussion, studio audiences, representing diverse groups in the three cities, asked questions of the panel.

THE Crown stations, along with many other stations on the West Coast, had previously carried sponsored broadcasts of the Crusade, which featured Hollywood movie stars. Crown executives, recognizing that these programs presented only one approach to anti-Communism (an extreme one), and determined to contribute to a more balanced public discussion of the subject, could not match the Hollywood hoopla with a comparable cluster of stars. They took pains, however, to assemble an impressive intellectual cast and to support "The Threat" with considerable air and press promotion plus the attention-getting frill of a three-city hookup with linked studio audiences. Afterward, when Mr. Seldes learned that WPIX in the East planned to present an edited version of the Hollywood Crusade show, he suggested that WPIX balance it with an airing of the "The Threat." The Crown management offered the program without cost to the *Daily News* outlet. Mr. Thrower did not accept.

The WPIX general manager said he had read the script of "The Threat," but he thought "the speakers didn't have a great deal to say." I also read the script and found it a most useful, extremely well-informed, and enlightening exchange of views by four men who share a common opposition to Communism but who reflect unconventional as well as popular views on how best to deal with it. Mr. Thrower said he would have accepted the Crown program if he felt it had really balanced the Hollywood program. I find it a bit odd that, sight unseen, the WPIX executive should have assumed the "generals, admirals, and FBI men" at the NAM Congress would have something to say about Communism which would be worth recording; and that he should reject, after reading them, the views of men like Teller, Fleming, Seldes, and Rovere, all of whom have surely thought no less deeply and responsible about the Communist challenge.

I grant that this is a matter of personal judgment. Assume that Mr. Thrower's evaluation of "The Threat" may be correct. This possibility nevertheless does not relieve WPIX of its clear duty as a licensee. An FCC Policy Statement declares that "the Commission has had the responsibility for determining whether licensees generally 'afford reasonable opportunity for the discussion of conflicting views on matters of public importance.'" In its famous 1949 ruling on editorializing, the commission pointed to a station's "duty to present all sides of controversial issues." It insisted on "the paramount right of the public to hear a reasonably balanced presentation of all responsible viewpoints on particular issues. . . ." If WPIX felt that "The Threat" had nothing to contribute to the discussion of anti-Communism, it should have developed a program of its own to serve the public's paramount right to hear other versions of the anti-Communist position. In doing just this, the Crown stations acted like responsible creative broadcasters. The other stations that failed to balance their scheduling of "Hollywood's Answer to Communism" did not.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Solti's Mahler, Gluck by Remoortel

THE NET of Georg Solti's two-week engagement as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall was, at the end of the Mahler Fourth Symphony, somewhat equivocal. Solti's competence in this area was no matter of speculation, for he is already credited with a representative recording of the work. But recordings and actuality are, as is well known, land masses between which there may be either a gulf or an isthmus.

In this instance, it was more in the nature of an archipelago, with firm links of connection (islands of interest) and others between (straits, perhaps they should be called) in which the listener was more or less afloat. It is, of course, something of a special challenge to conduct a Mahler symphony with the Philharmonic, which has played this particular one lately under Walter, Mitropoulos, and Bernstein.

Solti succeeded well in shaping it to a sound and character of his own, but the results tended more to interest than expression. Part of this has to do with the kind of sound he prefers, which is less vibrant, not so warmly colored as some others. However, he does provide a kind of forward impetus which tended, more than a little, to tighten Mahler's rather loose design, particularly through attention to bridges, link passages, and the like. Where the sound he preferred was most at issue was in the finale, where the woodwind and percussion combinations (presumably Mahler's counterpart of the "angelic music" of the text) was overpercussive for the imagery implied. It may be presumptuous to pretend knowledge of celestial sound as well as the unlimited amount available on earth, but the issue, after all, is Mahler's conception of it.

The afternoon's vocal soloist was Irmgard Seefried, whose sound no longer has the purity of her best days, but is under better control now than at some times in the recent past. The enthusiasm and warmth of emotion that have always marked her singing now plays directly on the music she performs, with results in the Mahler that were broadly artistic and still full of animation. Her presence also provided for a rare hearing of Wolf's "Kennst du das Land?" in his own (second) orchestral treatment, and Purcell's "When I am laid in earth." Both really demand a more sizable voice than Miss Seefried's, but the Wolf had an intimacy of expression decidedly suitable to it. The vocal interlude was preceded by a suite from Bartok's "Wonderful Mandarin."

Among the matters subject to scrutiny at the season's second session of the American Opera Society (also in Carnegie) were the conducting talents of Edouard Van Remoortel as related to Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride." My attention was captured and held by the sure-handed, forthright, thoroughly musical work of the visitor from St. Louis. He has the disposition as well as the musical culture to deal with its structural simplicity without rendering it as sparseness (an exaggerated ritard or two excepted). His orchestra was sizable enough (forty perhaps) to give Gluck's picturesque evocation of storms and furies, Hellenic tranquility and violence, proper coloristic values without infringing on preserves properly those of the vocalists.

Among these, the best known was Léopold Simoneau, whose floating line and clearly verbalized text as Pylade led but did not outdistance the Iphigénie of the greatly talented Marilyn Horne. There are few voices today with the broad-ranging power and extensive range for which Gluck wrote; that Miss Horne expanded hers to keep, at least, abreast of its requirements spoke much for diligence. As in any important role by this composer, virtue begins with a convincing declamation of the text, a respect in which Miss Horne's work qualified well. Gabriel Bacquier put his experienced artistry to the needs of Oreste (this was noted as his United States debut); and Morley Meredith rolled his big voice impressively as Thoas. The way to mastery of "Iphigénie's" style can only be through repetition, and it should be heard again soon.

The latest "L'Elisir d'Amore" in the sequence that began with the Metropolitan's revival of last season was one of the best, not only for the infusion of such a new name as Anna Moffo's as Adina (a role she has been singing in recent weeks) but also for the reappearance of such old ones as Salvatore Baccaloni in his classic Dulcamara, and Ferruccio Tagliavini in his scarcely less classic Nemorino. For Baccaloni this was another in a series of more or less annual reappearances during which his voice slims even if his figure doesn't, but in which the art applied to such a speciality as "Udite, Udite" remains as huge as ever—a model of how an ancient melodic quack should disport himself. Tagliavini's seven years of wandering have returned him as perhaps a more sober artist than before, but with no want of the comic impulse to make Nemorino endearing as well as foolish. Some might say that he was difficult to hear in the ensembles; but that was the case a dozen years ago. He is still capable of a sound both fresh and beautifully disciplined, and his phrasing of Donizetti is a cultivated pleasure, his instinct for "Una furtiva lagrima" in the blood as well as the throat. As the little boy in the commercial might say, "More Tagliavini, please." Frank Guarrera was Belcore, with Mildred Allen as a particularly lively Giannetta. Fausta Cleva treated all, new and old, the claque included, like friends of the family.

At another extreme of operatic comedy, the Metropolitan's "Nozze di Figaro" has evolved into the category of tiresome, a consequence of the mincing humors imposed on it by Cyril Ritchard's direction and a further fantasy or two from its present supervisor, Ralph Herbert. Rather than swift-moving, natural, and to the manor born, it is fussy, bumptious, and more suggestive of the scullery. Oliver Messel's scenery has its decorative values, but the expanse of playing space he has provided in Acts I and II tends to spread rather than confine the action, and the vocal ensembles that occur with them. This was a heavy burden to Annaliese Rothenberger's first Metropolitan Susanna, for the voice is very light in the range of this part (its high-range beauty is well remembered from last year's "Arabella") and rather hard to hear from this stage. When singing alone, as in her expert "Venite, inginochiatevi," her artistry was audible as well as evident. As the previous evening marked Erich Leinsdorf's two-Wotan "Walküre" (Otto Edelman started, was relieved for Act III by Randolph Symonette, who floundered so that he was replaced, after the curtain was lowered, by Edelmann), some lack of lightness in the direction was hardly inexplicable, if no more excusable. Lisa Della Casa was the Countess, with Giorgio Tozzi and Kim Borg as servant and master.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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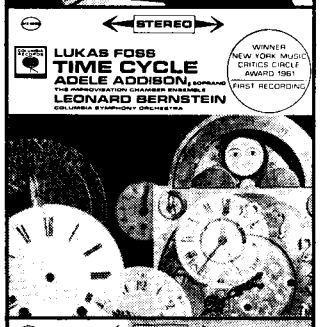


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**SR/RECORDINGS**

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# Secretary Goldberg and the Opera Dilemma

By IRVING KOLODIN

MOST persons with an interest in the arts know, by now, of the broad decisions arrived at by Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg in his arbitration of the dispute between the Metropolitan Opera and its orchestral players. It is, however, only by a detailed consideration of the total text of the "Opinion and Award" dated December 14, 1961, and running to sixty mimeographed pages that one comprehends the magnitude of the conscientious, thoroughgoing study applied by Secretary Goldberg and his staff not only to the problems but also to their implications.

It is perhaps the greatest compliment to the function served by Secretary Goldberg that his money recommendations were greeted with relief by those who anticipated the worst (management) and with less than complete enthusiasm by those who hoped for the best (the orchestra). This, certainly, was not inherent in a decision by *any* Secretary of Labor or other Cabinet officer. That such determinations had to be made at all by a Secretary of Labor rather than by an administrator trained in the arts and selected for office because of an awareness of the problems they face is a sign of weakness, not strength in our society. Fortunately, as his decisions demonstrate, Secretary Goldberg is that rare labor expert who can arbitrate in the interests of the public and of Verdi, Mozart, Wagner, and Puccini as well as those of the parties to the dispute.

Repeatedly, in this award, one comes on values and judgments that will already be familiar to readers of these pages. Such, for example, as "The point is that both parties—the Union and the Association—are in a very real sense right in their positions." Secretary Goldberg is addressing himself here to the musicians' demand for a sizable wage increase, and the management's offer of a modest one. "I have no doubt," he states, "that they . . . are entitled to a larger wage increase than I can award. At the same time, the financial weakness of the Association is not an idle theory. It is a hard and, unfortunately, historical fact." That is the operatic dilemma in the fewest possible words.

As is now well known, the award provides for an increase in base pay from $170 to $180 per week in the first year of the contract, and $5 a week in each of the two following years. This, of course, is exclusive of rehearsal fees, payments for radio broadcasts, fringe benefits, etc. At the end of the three-year term, the musicians will be receiving a base pay of $190, or $30 less than the amount they were negotiating for when arbitration was accepted.

Whether at the end of this term (a compromise between the five-year period originally desired by the management and the one-year term preferred by the musicians) the area of difference will remain at $30 per week cannot be foreseen. Doubtless cost of living and other factors will have to be considered. But the next Metropolitan season (1962-63) has already been extended by one week, to twenty-six. By June 30, 1964, when the present agreement runs its course, work on the new Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center may



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be sufficiently advanced so that occupancy there, with prospects of a longer season still, can be foreseen. Already, through its President, William Schuman, Lincoln Center has projected ideas for summer festivals to begin in the summer of 1966 (following the World's Fair activities of 1964 and 1965). We may then be close to a realization of a possibility referred to several months ago by Al Manuti, president of Local 802 (to which the orchestral musicians belong), that with an employment guarantee of fifty-two weeks a year "wage proposals would be much less" (than those originally set forth at $268 per week to begin with).

In dealing with the union's demand that the rate "for day rehearsals during the Opera's regular season be increased from $3.30 to $7.50 per hour," the Secretary showed a keen awareness of the importance of such rehearsals to the quality of work done in a repertory opera theatre such as the Metropolitan, and the penalty such a sharp increase might impose. Rather than awarding dollars, he put his award at fifteen cents per hour in the first year and another twenty cents per hour in the second, though the Metropolitan's own "package proposal" dated July 12, 1961, provided for a thirty-cent increase in the first year, and twenty cents more in the second. This would have netted the musicians $3.80 per hour in the second year, rather than the $3.65 provided in the award. (This was returned to the basic $3.30 per hour in the course of negotiations for an immediate salary increase).

On the other hand, he characterizes as "plainly unrealistic" the per diem presently in effect for the annual spring tours. And, he added, the Association's offer of a "very slight increase" over the existing $10.25 "does too little to bring it up to date." He thus awarded $13 per day for the tour in the first year of the contract (spring 1962) and parity with the federal government's allowance of $16 per day for the next two years. This, of course, applies to chorus and ballet members, who have "favored nations" clauses in their contracts, as does, also, the recommendation that the musicians be provided, on such tours, "with roomettes at the earliest possible time." This comfort in traveling should add to efficiency in performance.

It is, also, the item that adds most substantially to the Association's present deficit. However, it is one for which relief can be sought from the tour cities themselves, at least in the amounts to be incurred in the first year. In any case, the award imposes on the Metropolitan an urgent need to broaden its financial base and to develop sources of new funds. And, as Secretary Goldberg notes, "The suggestion that . . . musicians are required to 'subsidize the Met' is in a sense very true." But, he reminds them, "There is equal validity in an approach which takes fuller account of satisfactions not easily translatable into dollars and cents."

Through these pages of the award, dealing with the hard financial facts of operatic existence (both for management and personnel), one repeatedly notes Secretary Goldberg's reference to "the larger context." Thus, his basic statement on page 7: "For purposes of this award, I must take the larger context as I find it." And, on page 8, he adds, "were a fundamental reordering of the larger context possible or proper for me, my award might well be different."

This takes in, on the one hand, that wage scales have recently been revised upward for members of the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra; on the other, that the finances of the Metropolitan are "discouraging." This is the very real dilemma to whch Secretary Goldberg addresses himself in a portion of the document called "The State of the Performing Arts."

He joins with those who insisted that it "was unthinkable that the Metropolitan Opera season should not take place." But it is not the Metropolitan alone which is in "grave difficulty." Says Secretary Goldberg: "Other opera companies . . . share in a substantially similar financial plight. . . . The details may differ, but the general condition is the same. The problem, of course, is money. . . ."

Here is the "larger context" at its largest. The problem of support for the arts in America is no longer the concern of the individual only. Rather, says Secretary Goldberg: "We must come to accept the arts as a new community responsibility. The arts must assume their place alongside the already accepted responsibilities for health, education, and welfare. Part of this new responsibility must fall to the federal government, for precisely the reasons that the nation has given it a role in similar undertakings."

At the same time (and making clear that these views, as well as others in "the larger context," are his "own and not necessarily those of my sponsors," as he referred to the White House in his press conference on December 14), the Secretary declared his belief that "Much experience supports the general proposition that public support is most successful when it represents only a portion of the total funds involved." He is strongly of the opinion that "The principle of matching grants has clearly proved its validity, and should be the basic principle of any federal participation in support of the arts."

To this end, he defines a "six-point partnership" to provide a "stable, continuing basis of financial support" among the following: 1) The public, which as consumers should be the principle source of income; 2) enlightened patrons; 3) private corporations; 4) labor, in a degree of responsibility similar to that of business; 5) local and state governments; 6) federal government. In connection with the latter, Secretary Goldberg notes that "A splendid example of such cooperation is the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, where city, state, and federal funds are all being combined to provide a magnificent cultural center in New York" (with the participation, of course, of most of the other elements included in his six-point partnership).

Finally, says Secretary Goldberg: "The government has a larger responsibility toward the arts than simply to help support them. President Kennedy observed not long ago that the federal government 'cannot order that culture exist, but the government can and should provide the climate of freedom, deeper and wider education, and intellectual curiosity in which culture flourishes.' " (The quotation is from then-Candidate Kennedy's reply to a questionnaire on the arts published in *SR* October 29, 1960.)

In his broad survey of the total

(*Continued on page* 53)

—*Wide World.*

**Goldberg—"keen awareness" of operatic problems. (The cortoon by Dick Belland and Les Finnegan depicts him as all the characters of an opera company.)**



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# The Jewels, and Paste, of Vivaldi

By Michael Steinberg

ANTONIO VIVALDI was a composer to whom the gods denied the gift of a capacious waste-paper basket. Max Goberman is a musician of spirit and ability, denied, in turn, the discernment to appreciate this most fundamental fact about the fascinating eighteenth-century Venetian. As a result we have that maddening cultural enterprise, the Library of Recorded Masterpieces and its determination to provide all interested parties with the complete works of Vivaldi. You need some money and ultimately a good deal of shelf space, but you get records of generally good quality, scores included, as well as ample and informative annotation by Joseph Braunstein. Dr. Braunstein's performance is itself an imposingly virtuosic one in that for album after album he finds new and interesting comment on matter so uniform. The most recent results of LRM's industrious endeavor are at hand in the form of nine records, Volume 1, 7 to Volume II, 3, containing thirty-five concerti, three sonatas, and a trio.

Why? Let us begin by admitting that Vivaldi was a ridiculously neglected composer. In the Thirties and Forties, occasionally a conductor like Koussevitsky, behind the armor plate of a dozen contrabasses, would go through a transcription of Opus 3, No. 11, rather like one of the Diplodocidae crashing through the forest primeval, but that was about all the chance the public had to become acquainted with some charming compositions. As for any likelihood of knowing Vivaldi well enough to understand Bach's position in historical context . . . never mind!

Vivaldi was an inventive man, full of delightful fancies, startlingly fresh imaginings, and with a superb ear for color. Yet, for all his ingenuity, he can hardly ever summon up the sustained concentration to make a whole movement as good as its best ideas. How often a ritornello's magnificent gestures degenerate into mindless noodling! In general, how short-winded he seems! There is no long line, neither in the large sense of architecture, nor in the more immediate one of melody. His harmonies and rhythms can beguile, but as a rule only when the pervasive squareness is relieved by the sudden eccentricity.

Goberman—"almost always vigorous."

Of course, he wrote too much—he had to—dozens of operas, a vast body of church music, and instrumental pieces that include more than 450 concerti. But why in heaven's name must we hear all of it? Why, indeed, must we hear even nine-tenths of it, with so many masterpieces of the first rank unrecorded? The good works should of course be on records, though I wish to say emphatically that there are Bach cantatas, Handel oratorios, Haydn quartets and symphonies, not to mention all sorts of Dufay, Josquin, Rore, Marenzio, and Lassus, that we need far more urgently. Vivaldi's mediocre and bad pieces, and they are to be numbered by dozens, need not be recorded —not now, not ever. The musician who must know them for professional reasons is not dependent on the phonograph; the person who can know music only from discs need not be considered when that music is a mass of clichés and tags of no esthetic importance. Nor is the appreciable snob market—the types who must have their dinner music from the Virtuosi di Roma rather than from Mantovani—really worth the effort. Bad music *does* drive out good, and I earnestly wish that Mr. Goberman, who has often shown that he understands about good music, would assume the responsibility of selectivity, that he would give us in future that which makes Vivaldi a remarkable figure, instead of enshrining mechanically mile after mile of quarters and eighths and sixteenths as they roll off Ricordi's presses.

The story of LRM's nine new records is the story of Vivaldi's *opera omnia:* jewels and rubbish side by side, and much that is conventionally pleasant, though often not more so than many pieces by his less publicized contemporaries. One volume stands out as representing first-rate achievement throughout, and that is Volume I, 8 with the much-recorded "Four Seasons." The music is well played, each season by a different young lady as soloist. To include readings in Italian of the sonnets that provide the programmatic content was a good idea, but the renderings are professorial rather than poetic, and so convey nothing. All in all, though, it is as good a "Four Seasons" as you can buy.

Some other works are very impressive: in I,7 a Concerto in F for bassoon, P.305; in I,9 one for strings in B flat, P.410 (the concerti for strings seem unfailingly first-class); a whole batch in I,10: P.278 in F for three violins, P.438 in C minor for strings, P.134 in C for mandolin, and P.363 in B flat for strings; in I,11: P.133 in G for two mandolins; and I, 12: P.135 in G for two each of violins and cellos; and in II,2: P.43 in C for oboe and P.191 in D for strings.

THE performances are as variable as the music. Mr. Goberman, hardly ever refined, is almost always vigorous, though there are moments when rhythms go slack and tempi are slow. Eugenia Earle, the continuo harpsichordist, is another constant factor on these records: she knows just what ought to be done and her realizations are an improvement over most of what one sees in print or hears, but she displays little flair as a performer and her inventive solutions rarely come to life. Ariana Bronne, Felix Galimir, Nadia Koutzen, Sonya Monosoff (violin), Walter Trampler (viola d'amore), Thaddeus Brys, and Charles McCracken (cello), Sol Goichberg and Mary Zelnick (mandolin), Leonard Arner and Harry Shulman (oboe), are among the very good concerto soloists. Many are less good and some of the playing is quite poor, notably that of Leonard Sharrow (bassoon), which is square and coarse, and that of F. William Heim, whose struggles with a piccolo concerto are not agreeable to the ear. The chamber music, which depends entirely on refined vivaciousness of inflection, and in which Mr. Goberman often participates himself as violinist, is hardly ever well done. Thus, the LRM subscriber buys a pig in a poke. There are treasures to be had in plenty, but be sure you're getting one.



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# TJADER UP TO DATE

By Robert Farris Thompson

JACK KEROUAC refers, albeit in characteristic casual manner, to Afro-Cuban dance and music in the San Francisco area in his "The Dharma Bums": ". . . we had Cal Tjader records on the hi-fi and a lot of girls were dancing as Bud and I . . . played bongo drums on inverted cans." Who is Cal Tjader? Born the son of an Orpheum vaudeville circuit dancer thirty-six years ago in St. Louis (his Swedish great-grandfather had emigrated to the United States from St. Petersburg), Cal Tjader is a good vibraphonist who is today probably the most successful Latin-jazz specialist on the West Coast.

His contact with West Indian drumming and melody began in the late Forties, with the Dave Brubeck octet, where he met an energetic Negro conga drummer named Armando Peraza. Peraza guided Tjader to the appropriate Spanish Harlem dance centers while both were employed by George Shearing, apostle of diluted bop, in New York City in 1953. Tjader had arrived just in time for the peak of the mambo vogue and the self-confident swing of Tito Puente and Machito impressed the young Californian. "Immediately I wanted to organize a small combo along the same lines, only with more jazz feeling," Tjader told jazz critic John Tynan in 1957. The enormous success of Puente's vibraphone mambo served as moral support for Tjader when, in fact, he formed his own quintet in San Francisco in the summer of 1954. However, as Tjader led relaxed little groupings of "vibes" and rhythm back and forth across the frontier dividing jazz and Afro-Cuban, it became clear that his mentors were Lionel Hampton and Milt Jackson and that the influence of Puente was negligible. He sought out the rapid modulations of modern jazz, the "million variations in the melodic line" of a ballad like "Laura," tactics which were quite foreign to the style of mambo. Yet, from time to time, Tjader played for Mexican-American dancing audiences in "Latin" sectors of Los Angeles and San Francisco and learned to galvanize the youngsters with edgy two-chord refrains and battles of conga and timbales.

Estimated from an Afro-Cuban point of view, Tjader's music has evolved since 1954 from overarranging, from synthetic *brío*, to a more natural manipulation. Shake down one of his earliest "Latin" LPs, "Mambo With Tjader" (Fantasy 3202), for example, and out tumble too gorgeous melodies, few of which are relieved of their gorgeousness by genuine involvement with the rhythmic complexities and thematic simplicities of superior Afro-Cuban. When one passes on to "I've Waited So Long," a 1957 work, we find Tjader coming to grips with the melodic tenets of "Latin" styling ("Cal Tjader Goes Latin," Fantasy 3289). After a few inobtrusive measures of relatively commercial jazz, Tjader suddenly tightens his phrasing and leads his pianist, Vince Guaraldi, into a passage of almost searing melodic percussiveness. Guaraldi (who now leads his own trio in Sausalito, California) began to manifest a bilingual mastery of Afro-Cuban and jazz phrases during his tenure with Tjader in the late Fifties and it is a pity that his subsequent development is now apparently out of earshot in terms of the LP collector.

In 1960 Tjader donned the full-dress of big band scoring in four selections of an LP entitled "Demasiado Caliente" (Fantasy 3309). "Chispita," an Eddie Cano arrangement, seems to me to outdistance most of the offerings on this disc. There is a many-voiced movement of pleasing aural effect when saxophones gambol over pianistic percussion and trumpets surmount the reeds with a staccato countertheme that adds a third element of energy and rounds off the whole. Tjader, in choosing to expand his quintet, to drink deep of Cano's mambo polyphony, seemed to move an inch closer toward achieving a truly organic fusion with the music of the United States *latino*.

**Tjader—"within reach of an ultimate synthesis."**

Thus it was with considerable interest that I listened to "In a Latin Bag," just released on the Verve label (V-8419), for this most recent Tjader anthology is chock-full of Tjader's own writing and I was eager to see if there were any blends of merit. There are indeed. In "Pauneto's Point" Tjader promises (in the course of unison work with the piano) an exciting outburst, impishly delays it with a liquid current of vibraphonic sound, then finally delivers. "Speak Low" is a fine piece, full of melodic impulse and electricity; Tjader's alternation of edgy bongo and piano unison riffing in 6/4 time with relaxed 4/4 solos builds part of the tension and Lonnie Hewitt (who has served as Tjader's pianist since 1959) the other part with simple, lucid Afro-Cuban phrases kept close to the roots of a chord. I liked Armando Peraza's bongos in a piece called "Davito"; Peraza provided a kind of percussion dado that ran beneath the lines on Tjader's "vibes" and Paul Horn's flute. Finally, Al McKibbon's warm bass sets up an incessant flow of swing through most of this LP.

Tjader is potentially within reach of an ultimate synthesis of Negro North-American and Negro Cuban music. But such an eminence will forever elude him unless, in the course of the next few years, he begins to sound new forms of Afro-Cuban music in an analytical way. Dizzy Gillespie once said that if you're going to be in jazz, you've got to know the history of it; his point obviously applies to Afro-Cuban. If Tjader is willing to study old Sexteto Habanero recordings, guaguancó vocal intonation (as a fresh source for his vibraphone improvisations), if, in short, he is willing to work out his own ethnic language (instead of borrowing bits and phrases from men like Mongo Santamaría) he might well fashion an art that represented our global era.



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# Recordings in Review

## Richter Revisited

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata No. 3 (Opus 2, No. 3), Sonata No. 9 (Opus 14, No. 1), Sonata No. 12 (Opus 26), Sonata No. 22 (Opus 54), and Sonata No. 23 (Opus 57). Sviatoslav Richter, piano.* Columbia M2L 272, $9.98.

One of the problems in returning to "the scene of the crime" represented by an on-the-spot recording of a consequential musical event (in this instance, Richter's first Carnegie Hall recital in October '60) is that, by the very act of having expressed an opinion, the critic has, himself, become a participant. But, if there is anything to be gained by a reconsideration of the event without reference to the previously expressed opinion, here it is.

Insofar as the first three sonatas are concerned, Richter strikes me as a very self-contained interpreter, without the outgoing impulse, the mastery of the art of communication which some performers (such as Rubinstein) have made as much a part of their equipment as pedaling. Some, indeed, will tell you they (consciously or otherwise) pick out a member of the audience to whom to play. Richter, I am sure, plays primarily for himself—which may be good in some circumstances, but may, in some other, shut the audience out. Now and then, it seems to me, Richter remembers that an audience *is* present, and turns his attention to a broader effect that hits the microphone even more abruptly than it did the ear in the hall.

There is, in the rear-view mirror of the recording, a clear image of Richter thawing and becoming more communicative as the works accumulate—in the slow movement of the E major (Opus 14, No. 1), the "Funeral March" of the A flat, the truly beautiful variations of the "Appassionata." Whether this relates to him or to the works can only be a speculation; more likely it is a combination of both. One thing is evident: as he strives to throw off restraint, he tends increasingly to pianistic error. This is apparent in the "Appassionata," which is the freest and also the one most marred by errors at moments of stress, with a wild collision of out-of-key tones at the very end.

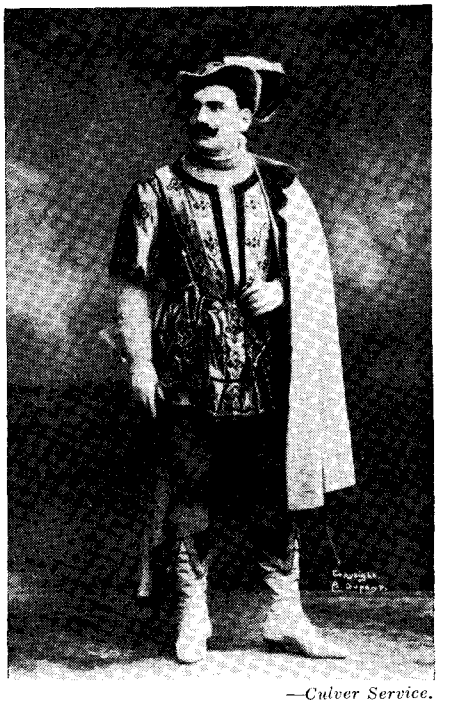
By any standards, however, this is an absorbing experience that makes one look forward with anticipation to the following programs of the Carnegie Hall series, which Columbia is also promising for release. Save for coughs now and then, the audience presence is not obtrusive, and the technical problems have been well solved at medium levels of sound. Soft passages are a little remote, and very loud ones bring in pedal noises and other extraneous sound.

## 80 (Count 'em) High Cs

VERDI: *"Di quella pira" ("Il Trovatore"). Sung by Hipolito Lazaro, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Beniamino Gigli, Aroldo Lindi, Jan Kiepura, Enrico Caruso, José Soler, Francesco Merli, Franz Völker, Hermann Jadlowker, John O'Sullivan, Leon Escalais, Giuseppe Taccani, Helge Roswaenge, Nino Piccaluga, Peter Anders, Giovanni Chalia, Marcel Wittrisch, Antonio Salvarezza, Tino Pattiera, Antonio Cortis, Josef Schmidt, Giovanni Martinelli, Antonio Paoli, Aureliano Pertile, Bernardo de Muro, Giovanni Zenatello, Rudolph Schock, Kurt Baum, Jussi Bjoerling, Francesco Tamagno, Mario Gilion, Johannes Sembach, Florencio Constantino, Nicola Zerola, Leo Slezak, Mario Filippeschi, Richard Tauber, Vittorio Lois, Robert Hutt, tenors.* Tap T 333, $3.98.

Perhaps it should be enough to call attention to the existence of this astounding *Index Unexpurgatorius* of tenoristic tendencies and then stand back, to allow the reactions to accumulate. However, it poses the irresistible temptation to say *something*, if only in admiration of the enthusiasm, single-mindedness, and devotion to the absurd, the impossible, and the inaccessible which have resulted in this crowning effort of Edward J. Smith's lifelong fascination with the human vocal chords.

For, of the forty tenors (and there are more than eighty high Cs, as Hipolito Lazaro alone sings three), there are perhaps fifteen who were truly designed by nature (and training) for the exclamation of seventy or eighty seconds which can, in some circumstances, make or break a career. The other twenty-five—and I have no intention of specifying which—are pursuing a fantasy as elusive as it is physically demanding, and not even coming close.



—*Culver Service.*

**Caruso as Manrico—"most notable of all."**

Even more than a study in vocal mechanics, it is a study in the functioning of the human ego, especially as it involves such a singer as Richard Tauber, who never sang Manrico in a theatre, or Johannes Sembach, who was admired as Parsifal in the World War I epoch. Most notable of all is the Caruso original (from which the "take" herein contained was made) which was never in general circulation. It was made a few months before his known version of the air (1905) and contains a high C prolonged for fourteen seconds. Smith speculates that it was not released because Caruso thought its virtuosity in questionable taste; but it might have discouraged some emulators if it had been.

In any case, when you have pursued the sequence from Lazaro to Hutt (the order herein printed is the accurate one) through Bjoerling in Swedish and Völker in German and Gilion in French, one subtle tribute to Verdi's genius persists. How many others wrote an aria one could hear forty times in succession without bellowing back? The sound is, of course, enormously variable but never so bad as to disguise the voice.

## More from "Command"

RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloé" (Suite No. 2), "La Valse," "Alborada del Gracioso." Pierre Dervaux conducting L'Orchestre des Concerts Colonne.* Command CC 11005 SD, $5.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Capriccio Italien," The same.* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Ca-*



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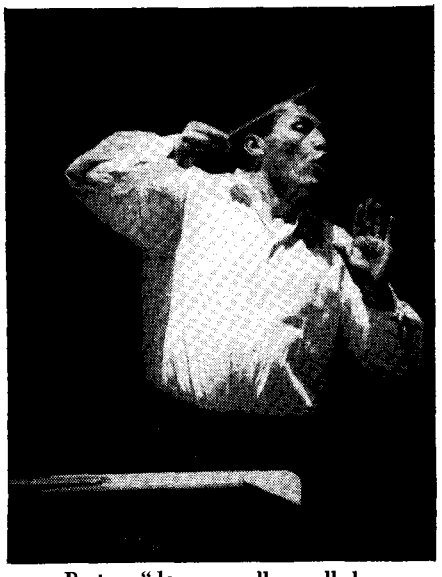
*priccio Espagnol." André Vandermoot conducting L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.* Command CC 11004, $5.98.

Those who are shopping for a uniform source of consistently high-quality stereo sound in which the results may be reasonably expected to be the same from one disc to another will, to a degree, find it in these two Command issues among a group totaling six or so. Both emanate from the same city, and four of the five works are performed under the same auspices. At that, the Tchaikovsky "Capriccio Italien" under Dervaux's direction has appreciably more clarity and definition than the Ravel disc under his direction. For example, I seem to hear choral voices in the background of "Daphnis et Chloé" but they are not credited on the label, and I am not really sure.

There could be arguments about the different scoring of the works and the values therein contained. However, Ravel's scoring is, if anything, fuller of recordable detail than Tchaikovsky, and they are not quite so well represented. For that matter, though Dervaux is described as being deeply indoctrinated in the works of Ravel, I find his projection of them rather mannered, inclined to dawdle over detail. The Tchaikovsky has a more natural flow as well as brighter sound.

Best of the four sides, as music as well as sound, is the one that presents Vandermoot as the interpreter of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol." He is a conductor with a sure sense of pace in this work, an inciting effect on the players and no lack of the confidence required to produce flamboyantly colorful sound. This measures well to the excellent results heard in Command's Rachmaninoff No. 2.



**Pretre—"does equally well by the composers and Callas."**

# Callas in Paris

GLUCK: *"J'ai perdu mon Eurydice" ("Orphée et Eurydice"), "Divinités du Styx" ("Alceste");* BIZET: *"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle," "Près des ramparts de Séville" ("Carmen");* SAINT-SAENS: *"Printemps qui commence," "Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse" ("Samson et Dalila");* GOUNOD: *"Je veux vivre" ("Roméo et Juliette");* THOMAS: *"Je suis Titania" ("Mignon");* MASSENET: *"Pleurez, mes yeux" ("Le Cid");* and CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis le jour" ("Louise"). Maria Callas, with the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française conducted by Georges Prêtre.* Angel 35882, $4.98.

Having accomplished a one-woman revolution in certain basic Italian opera conceptions (to the extent, indeed, that Joan Sutherland has now improved on some of her own major innovations as Lucia), is it possible that Maria Callas has similar aspirations vis-à-vis the French? To judge from her undertaking here (as what might be called neither soprano nor mezzo but something of her own such as "mezzo divina") this may well be the case. As Miss Callas rarely does anything without shrewd calculation, it is unlikely that a collection of arias, however well sung, is merely a collection of arias—it is more likely a kind of melodic trial balloon, to see which way the wind of favor may be blowing before a commitment is made for a full-scale takeoff.

As she shows in the superbly sung "Carmen" excerpts, the mystically enchanting Dalila scenes, and the surprisingly profound "Pleurez, mes yeux" from "Le Cid," French operatic values and the Callas personality are made for each other (or perhaps in speaking of the latter, remade). Through the decades, French opera has been the haven and resort of the most provocative and feminine of operatic performers (one need name only Calvé, Garden, Farrar, Alvarez, and Supervia of recent memory); it may well be so again when Callas has reminded the world how well its music can be sung.

Certainly it has been a while since the Carmen arias have been sung as well as they are here, with a blend of warmth and flexibility, movement and fire that kindles their values anew. This is not merely a matter of articulating notes and spinning out phrases, but rather of making them the emanation of a vibrant theatrical personality whose presence can be felt as well as heard. Lucky the impresario who first entices Miss Callas's "wood bird" into the net of a Seville on his stage! It might be a matter of nominating her as stage director and costume designer as well as prima donna, but it could well be worth it. In any case, there would seem to be little reason why Miss Callas should not be heard in a full-length recording of "Carmen," with properly qualified French personnel. Not every want was filled by the version of Victoria de los Angeles and Beecham.

Hardly second, and only because the opportunities are not so communicative, are the "Samson" excerpts. Here as in Bizet, Miss Callas is working in her richest tonal range, which, as presently disciplined, enables her to reach a low A (in "Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse") as well as a well-centered high B. The stroke, nevertheless, is lighter, the traced line somewhat leaner than that of even the good mezzos (such as Simionato's), so that the music is not

weighted down by an amount of tone not really required for suitable dramatic effect. As for the Massenet, I recollect it only from a Suzanne Sten disc (American Columbia) of some years back, for which Erich Leinsdorf was the conductor—and then only dimly. It is one of Massenet's most expressive achievements, to which Miss Callas gives total response.

However, Charpentier's Louise no less than Gounod's Juliette and Thomas's Titania are birds on a higher rung of the operatic aviary. She can reach it now and then on the wing, so to speak, but not easily or comfortably. Too often there is a strain in the sound which deprives us of the full concentration of her character creation as heard in Bizet, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet. As for the Gluck airs, which lie low enough: Miss Callas and antiquity have a firmer footing in the furies of Medea than the wifely sacrifice of Alceste or the "manly" one of Orphée. Georges Prêtre does equally well by the composers and by Callas in the shapely, well-sounding orchestral backgrounds.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6266, $5.98. | As an orchestra, the Philadelphia has probably made fewer outstanding recordings of Beethoven symphonies than any other of its category. This is one of the best, not merely for execution (which could be anticipated) but for the diagrammatic clarity of Ormandy's direction, his respect for the letter of the text, and his considerable success in shaping it as he wants to hear it. What is lacking is a measure of personal poetry that will give the skilfully shaped body of sound an accent and definition of his own. Considering the mode of treatment, that may be much to ask—but we ask it anyway. Good strong reproduction. |
| Chabrier: "España," "Danse Slave," "Fête Polonaise," "Suite Pastorale," "Gwendoline" Overture. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90212, $5.98. | The titles are, of themselves, guarantees of listening pleasure for those who know them, and should be of even more allure for those who don't—two sides of a record seldom contain as many good tunes, well treated and handsomely dressed, as these do. Paray is, without question, an enthusiastic Chabrierien, perhaps in some aspects (as in the "Suite Pastorale") a shade too enthusiastic. Here, I think, a lighter touch, a more oblique attack is, by some tastes, more appropriate. But there is no question that he delivers his concept with verve and authority, and that the orchestra fulfills it to the letter. Not to be overlooked, either, is the superbly sonorous, precisely balanced reproduction, a product of a Detroit high school auditorium (Cass Technical) not previously utilized for such purposes. |
| Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E minor. Guiomar Novaes, piano, with Jonel Perlea conducting the Bamberg Symphony. Vox STPL 510710, $4.98. | Novaes's way of playing this music is as satisfactory as any, though some might ask more vivacity in the finale, which is marked "vivace" as well as "rondo." However, it is altogether congruous with the manner and spirit of the previous two movements, which means that it is invariably outstanding Novaes if, sometimes, a shade questionable Chopin. Perlea's particular success with the orchestra score relates not so much to unity of impulse with the soloist (which is expectable with performers of this quality) but even more to the suave string sound, well-suited to Novaes's own. |
| Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E minor. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with S. Skrowaczewski conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2575, $5.98. | By the measure of the preceding, Rubinstein adds a dimension of power and emphasis not within the compass of Novaes, and, of course, all the vivacity that one could want in the finale. What the listener will find even more arousing is the clarity and fulness of the recording, in which the special depth and resonance of his tone is, in a simple word, magnificent. Skrowaczewski works well enough as "accompanist," but there are some aspects of the work that would be enhanced by a stronger, more personal impulse. |
| Franck: Symphony in D minor. Pierre Monteux conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2514, $5.98. | By a rule-of-thumb application of the reasoning that has affiliated Monteux with the Vienna Philharmonic, the Concerts du Conservatoire orchestra in Paris, and the Boston Symphony for specific repertory works, the Chicago Symphony is, perhaps, not a "Franck orchestra." But it is, unquestionably, to judge from this first joint product, a Monteux orchestra, which follows him implicitly as well as explicitly. The outcome, then, could hardly be other than it is—not only the third and the best Franck by Monteux himself, but the broadest in scope, the richest in musical values, of any now available. It does not have the interest of a new appraisal of the orchestral values (with the valuable freshness thus conveyed) in the admired one of Carlo Maria Giulini, but it restates the old ones in a singularly grand way. The recording leaves nothing to be desired, allowing for the existing acoustical surroundings. |
| Rameau-Mottl: Ballet Suite; Gluck-Mottl: Suites 1 and 2; Grétry-Mottl: Ballet Suite. Fritz Mahler conducting the Hartford Symphony Orchestra. Vanguard VSD 2098, $5.98. | There is substantial testimony here to the progress Fritz Mahler has made in raising the level of performing quality in this group to a standard comparable with that of other recording groups, here and abroad. There is also a good deal of crisp articulation and well-considered melodic phrasing in the Grétry and Rameau which share a side. However, the Gluck side poses some other considerations, and some other comparisons. Rhythmically, Mahler is not always as keen as one might wish (especially in the syncopated passage of the "Armide" excerpt) and the flute solo in the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" is passed over in a manner quite close to casual, though soloist Carl Bergner produces a very agreeable sound. In Hartford, as in Vienna, Vanguard is a buy-word for beautifully reproduced sound. |
| Strauss, J.: "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "Im Krapfenwald," "Emperor Waltz," "Leichtes Blut," Intermezzo from "A Thousand and one Nights." Strauss, Josef: "Dynamiden." Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Angel S 35851, $5.98 | I am, in varying degrees, an admirer of Johann Strauss (unqualified), the Vienna Philharmonic (hardly qualified) and Rudolf Kempe (hardly unqualified), but the combination is scarcely flattering to any. It takes a good deal of countereffort to unsheen the sound of this orchestra, and curtain its luminous glow, but Kempe is equal to that task in imposing his views of the Viennese Strausses on the Viennese players. Rather angular business altogether, in which the waltz is taken out of the Viennese woods and relocated on the parade grounds, and the "Emperor" being saluted in the famous work of that name is surely Prussian. However, it is a certainty that the orchestra suffered more than a mere listener does. Very good reproduction. |
| Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7250, $5.98. | As was suggested by its prominence in last month's tabulation of favor in the *SR* Record Critics' Poll for 1962, this version of "Ein Heldenleben" is an uncommonly persuasive one, as much for what Beecham conveys of himself through it as what he conveys of Strauss through himself. That is to say, he makes the listener believe fully in its stride and largeness of dimension by his fervent proclamation. However sectionalized the preparation, the final product is remarkably free-flowing, unified, and meaningful. The players repay Beecham's expenditure of energy with a full-hearted effort of their own, and a particularly warm-sounding delivery of the solo violin part by Steven Staryk. The recording is what the performance merits, both in substance and the separation of parts. |
| Stravinsky: "Les Noces," "Symphonie des Psaumes." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, with Basia Retchitzka, soprano, Lucienne Devallier, contralto, Hugues Cuénod, tenor, and Heinz Rehfuss, bass, the Motet Choir of Geneva, and piano quartet. London CS 6219, $5.98. | The first of these is a particularly welcome enterprise: a "Les Noces" substantially superior to the others lately available and also a pertinent reminder of how much of this kind of Stravinsky was appropriated, or expropriated, by Orff for his "Trionfo." Ansermet more than merely renders unto Igor what is Caesar's: he also draws a graphic sound sketch of the total ballet. The voices are especially apt, likewise the sound. The "Symphony of Psalms" is a fitting successor to Ansermet's own prior version. |
| Weber: Concerto No. 2 in E flat. Spohr: Concerto No. 1 in C minor. Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, with Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60035, $5.98. | The period flavor of these works remains, despite the best efforts of de Peyer, somewhat musty—a by-product, perhaps, of the "occasional" purposes (the use of a contemporary virtuoso) for which both works were created. However, de Peyer's amazing mastery of his instrument (especially the ways of running lengthy passages without seeming to replenish his breath supply) is of the same order, but on a more impressive scale than in the playing of Mozart concerti issued some months ago. —Irving Kolodin. |


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# The Last Laugh

UNTIL recently, not every phonograph record was music, but those that talked were often worth saving, such as the words of Winston Churchill and Robert Frost. But today, America is being assaulted by talk labeled as humor that not only shouldn't be recorded but also shouldn't be said once. Scores of painful monologues spun in boozy little clubs are now being sold as substitutes for entertainment. Taking something old, something borrowed, and something blue, people calling themselves comedians have preserved for the ages routines that are almost good enough for amateur night at a reform school.

A man named Harrison Baker has made this bid for immortality: "I was standing outside the club and I met a gorgeous girl—and that was just her head. What a dress she was wearing. I couldn't tell where her low neckline ended and her open-toed shoes began! . . . Oh, that's a dirty laugh. They say money can't buy love—but it certainly puts you in a wonderful bargaining position! My girl wants candlelight and wine, but all I can offer her is warm beer and a flashlight." A man named Milt Kamen has recorded this play of wit: "I just bought some new clothes. I got a hat from Spain, a coat from England, and pants from Nazi Germany —something to sit on. The coat had fur on the collar. Well, not really fur but nylon. I shot a small nylon."

Of course, such humor loses a lot when it's written down. It loses the punctuation of alcoholic laughter; and, more important, it loses the comedian's roaring love of his own work. The performer with the most fervent self-adoration is a woman whose record is called "Phyllis Diller Laughs." What makes Phyllis Diller laugh? This: "Last night, someone brought a nine-year-old boy in here. When he left, he was thirty-eight. Hah! In fact, I went with him. Ah-hah-ha-ha-ha! I see you're ready for the new look. It's a cross between Jackie Kennedy and Camelot. Ah-*hah*-ha-ha-ha-*ha!* I haven't had a single drink and my dress is stiff. Ah-*hah!*" As you see, Miss Diller finds herself hilarious. She obviously tells herself funny secrets.

In San Francisco, a man who's amused by dynamite and traffic accidents has recorded a nightclub act called "The Explosive Sounds of Jackson Paine—Humor in Its Newest Form." The highlights of this new art form are the bursts of maniacal laughter that follow such flights of fancy as a politician making a speech: "If what I say isn't the truth, dear friends, may I be struck dead on this very platform!" (SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP) Comedy has always been close to pathos, but humor in its newest form seems to have erased the dividing line.

Not all of this new humor relies on such clever inventions as the sound of a train running over a movie actor. In "The Great Comedy Hits of Yogi Yorgesson," a man named Harry Stewart thinks that anything said in a Swedish accent is funny. Stewart courageously uses such talent in fourteen songs, the least embarrassing of which are "Who Hid the Halibut on the Poop Deck?" "Yingle Bells," and "I Yust Go Nuts at Christmas." Like so many of his fellow recording artists, Stewart compensates for his dearth of taste with a stirring display of raw nerve.

IF RAW nerve is all you need to make a comedy record today, then the Medal of Honor goes to Jack Clements and Dale Stevens, who have given posterity this parody from the Kasbah Lounge of Cincinnati's Terrace Hilton Hotel:

CLEMENTS: I'm a private eye. I'm tough and I'm smart. That's my name: Tough Smart. Yesterday I was sitting with my feet on the desk. There was a bottle of gin in the top drawer, a bottle of Scotch in the bottom drawer, and a bottle of bourbon in the middle. To do my filing, you need a liquor license. (KNOCK ON DOOR) Come in.

STEVENS: Are you Tough Smart?

CLEMENTS: Yeah. Wanna fight?

STEVENS: I got a case for ya.

CLEMENTS: Put it over there.

STEVENS: You're pretty smart, Tough.

CLEMENTS: No. I'm Tough Smart. . . . I reached into the drawer for my 45. I couldn't find it, so I pulled out a couple of 22½s.

The frightening thing is not just that people see fit to record such pathos for public consumption, but that it gets laughs when performed. Appropriately enough, many of these clowns work in the depths of cellars, where their audiences are usually part claque, part roaring drunk, and part tourists with a low threshold of risibility (sometimes called no taste). Therefore, hearing records of these acts becomes a depressing mystery: you have to play a game called What Are They Laughing At? The first part of this game is to figure out the inside, local, and topical references the performer is using. For example, with Clements and Stevens, you have to divine what dirty jokes were recently popular in Cincinnati.

The more challenging part of this game is to figure out the causes of laughs that follow moments of silence. All you can do is guess that the performer has just done something cleverly visual, like scratch himself. Current recorded comedy gives the listener a new dimension by recording for the first time *visual* entertainment. These records must be very popular with the ESP crowd; but if you happen not to be clairvoyant, hearing them makes you feel as though you've crashed a party being given in another language.

Where is it all leading? Are my children going to sit around and listen to Fay DeWitt or Dave Gardner, at whom even the drunks have trouble laughing? Should they be listening even when the drunks *are* laughing? Since Americans now see fit to record everything that's said or stammered, one day soon people at a party will be playing a new record and they'll find it's their last party. Unfortunately, stereophonic sound couldn't capture the full brilliance of Charlie's putting that lampshade on his head; but the howls are still binaural when he throws up on the goldfish ("The Medieval Wit of Charlie Fedderman," Void Records, $4.95).

If this trend continues, if every human sound becomes precious, we will soon be talking not for immediate consumption but for tape. "Hello, George 2-3-4," you'll say to a friend. "How are you?"

"Quiet," he'll answer; "I haven't got a clean roll." Then he'll turn on a midget recorder for ten minutes of his eleven-year-old son trying to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. You'll listen, but only if George promises to buy your latest album, "Here's Seymour Shrang." It's been getting even more laughs than "The Campaign Promises of Louis Lefkowitz." —RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Albéniz: "Asturias," "Sevillanas," "Cádiz," Tango in D, "Córdoba." Granados: "Allegro di Concierto," Spanish Dances Nos. 5, 10, and 12. José Iturbi, piano. Angel (S) 35628, $5.98. | It will not be easy to convince a person first exposed to Iturbi's art through this disc that he was, for a stretch of years, a name to be reckoned with in a ranking list of pianists. Unless, perchance, he was struck by nuance and deftness of his feelingful playing of Albéniz's "Cadiz." Elsewhere there is more gliding over the surface than probing beneath, although this is an easy literature, technically, and one to which a native of Valencia should bring a good deal. Perhaps the sleeve description of him as a "passionately Americanized Spaniard" tells as much as need to be known. |
| Bach: Cantata No. 170 ("Vergnügte Ruh', beliebte Seelenlust"). Aafje Heynis, contralto, with Szymon Goldberg conducting the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. "O ewiges Feuer" ("Christmas Oratorio") and "Es ist euch gut" (Cantata No. 108). Heynis, with Hans Gillesberger conducting the Vienna Symphony. Epic BC 1146, $5.98. | As noted in previous releases, Miss Heynis is a musicianly singer, with a thorough knowledge of what she sings. But she is inclined to be phlegmatic, lacking in dramatic impulse and the kind of contrast that animates. She gets slightly more impulse from Gillesberger than from Goldberg so that the individual arias have more shape and definition than the cantata. They are, also, easier to sing. Typically good Epic (Philips) sound. |
| Bach, W. F.: Twelve Polonaises, Fugue in E minor, Sonata in A, March in E flat, Suite in G minor. Heida Hermanns, piano. SFM M 1009, $4.98. | Unlike some descendants of J. S. Bach (lineal or otherwise) whose counterpoint has mechanical merit but no great expressive content, Wilhelm Friedemann has a constantly active emotional temperature in his writing, especially in the sonata of the 1740s. In it one can hear the confluence of forces, as it was happening, from which homophonic writing of the next epoch of music emerged. Miss Hermanns has, clearly, devoted herself to this literature and gives it shape and animation, whether dance pieces, suite, or the appealing march. |
| Debussy: "Beau Soir," "Mandoline," "Les Cloches," "Green," "Chevaux de bois," "L'Echelonnement des haies," "Le temps a laissié son manteau," "Pour ce que plaisance est morte," "De soir," "Fêtes galantes I," "Fêtes galantes II," "Le promenoir des deux amants." Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138758, $6.98. | Souzay's refinement is a close match for Debussy's, but there are moments, as in "Mandoline," "Green," "Chevaux de bois," etc., when a stronger impact, a sharper thrust of accent would be desirable. It takes a considerable ability as a colorist to sustain attention in the "Fêtes galantes," "Promenoir des deux amants," and the sequence of single songs contained hereon, and Souzay does not quite provide the desirable variety. As a subordinate item: the disc is styled "Lieder by Claude Debussy" but provides only the French text—a kind of linguistic smorgasbord hardly to the *goût Souzay*. Baldwin is, as always, excellent, the recording very good. |
| Mozart, F. X. W. A.: Sonata in E, Opus 19; Mozart, W. A.: Andantino in B flat (K. 374g); Asioli: Sonata in C. George Neikrug, cello, and Harry Kaufman, piano. SFM M 1010, $4.98. | For Weber to sound like Mozart is by no means unexpected, but for a work by Mozart to duplicate the patterns of Weber's thought calls, at least, for an explanation. It lies in the initials F. X. identifying Franz Xavier Mozart, the son born five months before the death of his genius father in 1791. It is an estimably free-flowing piece of its time (1820), some of whose intricacies may be associated with the description here of it as for "cello *or* violin" and piano. Neikrug plays it with spirit, insight, and musicality (marred only by a slip or two in the high positions) as he does also the genial Andantino, of which only thirty-four measures are authentically that of Mozart, père, the remainder by Ernst Lewicki. The Asioli sonata, of approximately 1808-13, is worth knowing. The piano playing of the late Kaufman is a decided addition to the restricted amount of recording in his name. Excellent sound. |
| Riegger: "Music for Brass Choir." Ruggles: "Angels." Brant: "Millennium II." Lehigh University Instrumental Ensembles conducted by Jonathan Elkus and Henry Brant, with Louise Fenn, soprano. | With or without consideration for the fact that Lehigh University does not have a school of music, or a music major course, the quality of these performances is surprisingly high, a tribute to capable supervision and devoted effort. The order of musical value is very much parallel to the sequence of the composers' names, for Riegger and Ruggles were, at least, striving for consecutive musical experience with a recognizable relationship to known forms, while Brant's "Millennium," in which the hall acts as a vessel containing the sound that surrounds the audience, is pure sonorous anarchy. It is, as the composer notes in his spoken commentary, a stereo concept that merits more ample recording technics than are contained in this monophonic LP. At that, the recording is highly creditable to the student technicians who supervised it. Miss Fenn performs her brief solo commendably. |
| Schubert: Seventeen German Dances (D. 366), Twelve Ecossaises, "Albumblatt," Six German Dances (D. 820), Twelve "Graz" Waltzes (Opus 91), etc. Stewart Gordon, piano. Washington WLP 441, $4.98. | Pianist Gordon is to be commended for the impulse that directs his efforts to this nonspectacular but certainly listenable literature, and the conscientious attention to musical detail. However, the first disaffecting element is the overbright piano and the cold reproduction of it, which devitalizes and dehumanizes a species of music that is nothing if it is not vital and human. Moreover, Gordon is partial to a metronomic kind of on, and on, and on, addition of one measure to another without the lilt or flexibility which, it would seem to me, are an inherent part of its appeal. Now and then Gordon relaxes into a less rigid musical posture, but not frequently enough to vary the prevailing heaviness of treatment. |
| Strauss: Sonata in E flat; Brahms: Sonata in G, Opus 78. Leonid Kogan, violin, with Andrei Mitnik, piano. Artia MK 1561, $5.98. | With the greatly admired Heifetz performance of Strauss no longer available, and no new one to take its place, a version of this quality is decidedly welcome. Indeed, Kogan comes very close to matching the silky suavity of the Heifetz sound in the slow movement, which is about the maximum that the lexicon of praise contains. On the other hand, Mitnik is not quite as versed in the subtleties of dealing with the arpeggios for the piano near the end of the music, which diminishes their effect somewhat. The Brahms is also well played, if with a little rhythmic stiffness, and a glossing over of some of its more reflective moments. Both sides show that recording in the USSR, for chamber music at least, is at parity with world-wide standards (pre-stereo). |
| Wieniawski: "Scherzo-Tarantelle"; Sarasate: "Habanera," "Zapateado," "Caprice Basque,"; Vieuxtemps: "Regrets"; Paganini: "Moto Perpetuo"; Veracini: Largo; Kreisler: Praeludium and Allegro, Recitativo and Scherzo; Tartini: Variations on a Theme by Corelli (arr. Kreisler); Paganini: Caprice Opus 1, No. 20 (arr. Kreisler). David Nadien, violin, with Boris Barere, piano. Kapp LP 9060, $4.98. | At his best, Nadien's tangibles—tone, technique, taste—are a match for the best names associated with the performance of this repertory, although such intangibles as imagination, color, individuality, are a little less conspicuous. However, the several pieces in which he is at less than his best (the Wieniawski and the Kreisler Praeludium and Allegro) give rise to curiosity about the judgment that would pass some of the inaccuracies of intonation therein contained when the standard elsewhere is as high as it is. Barere's piano playing is worthy of the name he bears. Good balance in the reproduction, though the violin sounds a little distant from the microphone.—I.K. |


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# Renaissance in Telemann

By RICHARD D. FREED

*"Ein Lully wird gerühmt, Corelli lässt sich loben,*
*nur Telemann allein ist übers Lob erhoben."*

Georg Philipp Telemann, celebrated by a contemporary versifier in the above lines ("A Lully is praised, Corelli is famed,/but Telemann alone is above all acclaimed"), is one of the most interesting of the baroque composers who have enjoyed a phonographic "rediscovery" during the last decade or so. It is curious to reflect that our familiarity with the music of such a giant as Vivaldi may be regarded as a phenomenon of the microgroove era, dating back only a dozen years (see page 42). But it wasn't always that way, and if Vivaldi was neglected for years, Telemann was virtually forgotten.

During his long lifetime (1681-1767), which encompassed both Bach's and Handel's, Telemann wrote more music than those two together, much of it of a programmatic nature. He was quite possibly the most prolific composer of any era, and certainly the most celebrated German composer of his day. Although Bach, in a sense, lived in Telemann's shadow professionally, Telemann was one of the few men of his time to sense Johann Sebastian's greatness, and the two were good friends, Telemann even serving as godfather to Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach (who eventually succeeded him as Music Director in Hamburg).

For the greater part of his life, Telemann occupied municipal posts instead of having a private patron, and, since he admittedly wrote for the popular taste, his music is filled with engaging tunes. He enthusiastically absorbed French and Italian influences as well as the vital rhythms of Polish peasant music, and virtually every musical form and instrument known in his time is represented in his enormous catalogue. Although he wrote more than seven hundred church cantatas and forty-four passions, Telemann's music is for the most part characterized neither by solemnity nor profundity, but by a melodic and harmonic inventiveness that cannot fail to make his contemporary popularity much easier to understand than his almost two centuries of neglect.

The annotation for many of the Telemann records is on an uncommonly high level. Particularly noteworthy are Hans Graeser's notes for the three instrumental discs in the Deutsche Grammophon Archive series and Joseph Braunstein's for the Bach Guild record by the Solisti di Zagreb. Dr. Braunstein, who manages to tell us so much about the composer in so little space, states that "a Telemann renaissance is definitely under way."

**Telemann — "wrote more music than those two [Bach and Handel] together."**

Until about twenty years ago we had no Telemann at all on records; his name was simply not to be found in prewar domestic catalogues. In the early Forties, however, Victor issued recordings of what are probably the composer's two best-known orchestral works, the Suite in A minor for Flute and Strings and the charming "Don Quichotte" Suite. The former (78-rpm album DM-890) was played by Eugene Ormandy and the strings of the Philadelphia Orchestra with the elegant William Kincaid as soloist, the latter (DM-945) by the Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, with the late Erwin Bodky at the harpsichord. The A minor Suite and "Don Quichotte" are among the very few Telemann titles to have been recorded more than once, and this low incidence of duplication should reassure collectors who find themselves duplicating three Vivaldi concerti every time they pick up one new one.

Telemann's Suite in A minor for flute and strings inevitably evokes comparisons with Bach's familiar Suite in B minor for the same forces. To state that the two works are similar in quality as well as layout is no exaggeration, for the Telemann is definitely first-rate, one of the real masterpieces of its genre. There are four current recordings, the sequence of movements and even the solo instrument varying from one to another. The oldest is the one by James Pappoutsakis and the Zimbler Sinfonietta on Decca DL-8522; the newest, Bernard Krainis, recorder, with the Krainis Baroque Ensemble (Kapp KCL 9066 S). It hardly matters that the "Rejouissance" is used as finale in these versions while the other two put the Polonaise and Trio in that position, but the rather ordinary account of Mozart's "Serenata Notturna" spread so extravagantly over the entire second side of the Decca takes this entry out of the running. The Kapp disc offers a lovely and highly individual performance of the suite. The accompanying ensemble (string quartet, bass and harpsichord) is the smallest used in any of the four recordings; this factor, the relaxed tempi and the caressing phrasing add up to a chamber music performance of persuasive intimacy. The same lightness of texture, the same purposeful contrast of tempi and dynamics characterize the two Vivaldi concerti on the reverse side. Theodora Schulze also plays a recorder instead of a flute in the Vox recording by the Telemann Society (STDL 500590). Hubert Barwahser (solo flutist of the Concertgebouw Orchestra) plays superbly on Epic LC-3075, with Paumgartner contributing one of his better accompaniments. In the past, I have preferred Barwahser's flute recording for his instrument's greater flexibility, but Krainis's recorder has more than mere novelty appeal, perhaps realizing the music's individuality more fully than the flute. He is a smoother, more subtle player than Theodora Schulze, and his small ensemble includes such distinguished members as violist Paul Doktor. However, the more exciting coupling on the Vox record (more Telemann—the Concerto for Three Trumpets, Two Oboes and Orchestra, and the F minor Oboe Concerto) will be the deciding factor for many. Both Vox and Kapp have provided excellent sound, the latter perhaps a shade warmer.

There are two versions of the "Don Quichotte" Suite now, both quite attractive, even if neither quite achieves the affectionate spontaneity of the old Fiedler performance. Newell Jenkins's all-Telemann disc (Washington WR-403) is filled out with the B flat suite from the "Tafelmusik" and an "Ouverture Suite" in C. Although the jacket



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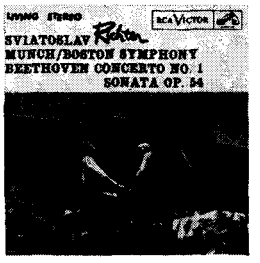
It is only appropriate that Sviatoslav Richter be congratulated in Russian. The occasion for the salute: his triumphant Boston debut and the historic recording that was its direct result.

Those fortunate enough to have been there will not forget Richter's performance of the BEETHOVEN CONCERTO No. 1, in his debut with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony. What he achieved that night has been widely regarded as one of the most perfect performances of the work ever heard. When Richter had finished, most of the audience in Symphony Hall stood and responded with wild, seemingly endless applause.




The next day, Symphony Hall looked bewilderingly different. Half the seats were gone and the space was filled with chairs and music stands, a Steinway and Dr. Munch's conducting stand. Above, a formidable battery of microphones. To the rear, big cloths had been hung, to minimize echo. Musicians and Dr. Munch and Richter filed in casually. Then tuning. At last, the recording was under way.

For three hours, Richter, Munch and the orchestra polished every phrase, perfected every passage, yet never once did any man lose sight of the over-all design of the concerto. Within this marvelous rapport, the Russian virtuoso's playing grew and grew. At last, when the final take was completed, everyone sensed that something remarkable had been accomplished. And indeed, the complete recording was truly electrifying—the kind that happens only too rarely. In any language, it was clearly noble playing. It is now yours to enjoy always, on RCA Victor, in Living Stereo or Monaural Hi-Fi.

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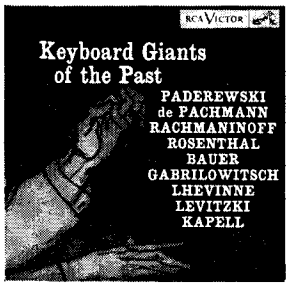

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notes by Jenkins state that "these were the first stereophonic recordings to be made in Italy," Washington has so far released only the monophonic edition, which is marked by a certain harshness. All three suites are worth while and well played, making the Washington perhaps slightly preferable to Daniel Saidenberg's warmer-sounding American Society recording of "Don Quichotte," which is available in stereo (S-1002), coupled with music of Handel—the familiar G minor Oboe Concerto and two little-known pieces for winds.

Of the five Telemann selections played by the Solisti di Zagreb on Bach Guild BG-575 (stereo BGS-5028), only the Viola Concerto in G is recorded elsewhere. Oboe concerti in E minor and D minor, a violin concerto in A minor, and a Sonata a Quattro in A complete an unusually pleasurable disc.

The Sonata in G minor, played on the harmonica by John Sebastian on Deutsche Grammophon DGM-12015, was, of course, not composed for that instrument, which had yet to be invented at the time of Telemann's death. Since Telemann wrote for every instrument available to him, however, it is not surprising to find him represented on two of the three Kapp records of music for trumpet and on the same label's oboe and horn records. One side of the horn record (KCL-9053) is given over to two unusual works by Telemann, a Concerto in D for three horns and orchestra and a Suite in F for two horns, two violins, and continuo. Telemann filled the outer movements of the former with actual hunting calls, but the horns are silent during the middle movement, in which the violin enjoys solo prominence. The F major Suite is an extraordinary vivacious affair for larger forces than its title might suggest (Telemann's continuo often calls for four or five instruments). Horn virtuosi James Stagliano, Arthur Berv, and James Buffington, and conductor Richard Dunn (who is himself a horn player), seem to be enjoying themselves on this record, and the overside concerti by Handel, Steinmetz, and Barsanti make an attractive bonus.

The four Deutsche Grammophon Archive records of Telemann's music are in a class by themselves, even if none of their fifteen titles is quite equal to "Don Quichotte" or the A minor Flute Suite. Throughout this series one has the gratifying feeling that the musicians are playing for their own pleasure, an impression that heightens any musical experience. One of these discs, ARC-3043, is surely one of the half-dozen most fascinating records of baroque chamber music ever issued, treasurable for the sheer delight of the

(*Continued on page* 58)

## *Outstanding Telemann Recordings*

1. *Quartet in D minor for recorder, flute, oboe, and continuo; Sonata in G for viola da gamba and continuo; Partita in G for recorder and continuo; Sonata a Tre in D for flute, viola d'amore, and continuo.* Töttcher and others. Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-3043, $5.98.
2. Concerto for four violins in D; Concerto for flute, oboe d'amore, viola d'amore, strings, and continuo in E; Concerto for three oboes, three violins, and continuo in B flat; Concerto for recorder, flute, strings, and continuo in E minor. Kammermusikkreis Emil Seiler. Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-3109, $5.98.
3. Concerto for trumpet, strings, and continuo in D; Concerto for trumpet, two oboes, and continuo in D. Adolf Scherbaum with Bach Orchestra of Hamburg under Robert Stehli. Quartet for flute, oboe, violin, and continuo in G; Quartet for recorder, oboe, violin, and continuo in G. Camerata Instrumentale Hamburg. Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-3119, $5.98.
4. *Oboe Concerti in D minor and E minor; Viola Concerto in G; Violin* Concerto in A minor; Sonata a Quattro in A. Solisti di Zagreb under Antonio Janigro. Bach Guild BG-575, $4.98 (stereo BGS-5028, $5.95).
5. "Don Quichotte Suite"; "Tafelmusik" (Suite in B); Ouverture Suite in C. Newell Jenkins conducting Milan Chamber Orchestra. Washington WR-403, $4.98.
6. "Don Quichotte Suite." Saidenberg Little Symphony (with Handel selections). American Society 1002, $4.98 (stereo S-1002, $5.98).
7. Suite for flute and strings in A minor. Hubert Barwahser with Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Bernhard Paumgartner (with Haydn Flute Concerto). Epic LC-3075, $4.98.
8. Concerto for three horns and orchestra in D; Suite for two horns, two violins, and continuo in F. Stagliano, Berv, and Buffington (horns) with Kapp Sinfonietta under Richard Dunn (with selections by Handel, Steinmetz, and Barsanti). Kapp KCL-9053, $4.98 (stereo KCS-9053, $5.98).
9. Cantatas "Der Schulmeister," "Das Glück," "Die Landlust." Horst Günter (baritone), Bruno Brückmann (boy soprano), *et al.* DG Archive ARC-3011, $5.98.
10. Partita for oboe, bassoon, and harpsichord in B flat; Trio Sonata for flute, oboe, and continuo in C minor; Fantasias in D minor and B minor for solo flute. Samuel Baron (flute), Jerome Roth (oboe), Bernard Garfield (bassoon), Albert Fuller (harpsichord). (With two Vivaldi pieces.) Washington WR-402, $4.98.



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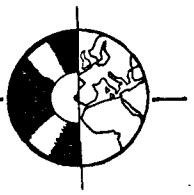
# THE OTHER SIDE



## More "Spoken Word," Batch of Britten

LONDON.

SOME months ago (May 27) the launching of Pye's new "Nonesuch" series devoted to "The Spoken Word" was reported here. The first release, consisting as it did of poetry and prose readings (leavened by imaginatively chosen musical interludes) plus a dramatized version of the now historical "Lady Chatterley" trial, suggested a pattern for the series as a whole. Although further anthologies, involving such artists as Flora Robson and Siobhan McKenna, are in preparation, the three albums currently published have nothing in common with their predecessors or, for that matter, with each other.

Only one of these can be classed as "entertainment," though "The Parabolic Revelations of the late Lord Buckley" may puzzle English listeners unaccustomed to the jargon and offbeat humor of the "hipster." This American entertainer, who died last year, described himself as the "Hip Messiah," and two of the six monologues in this collection—"Jonah and the Whale" and "The Nazz"—are indeed up-beat variations on Bible stories; elsewhere topics such as politics and sex form ready-made targets for "Lord Buckley."

The other two albums make one wonder yet again as to what constitutes recordable material, since neither is of the kind that readily invites repeated hearings. "Talking of Wine" is a three-cornered conversation (over the luncheon table) by André Simon, well known as author and expert on food and wine, the noted wine-shipper and connoisseur Ronald Avery, and John Chandos, director of the "Nonesuch" series. It is always interesting for the amateur to hear a subject discussed by acknowledged experts, but this disc carries informality to such extremes as to become almost irritating: its entertainment value is, I feel, negligible.

Informality is also the keynote of the third album, a two-disc set which launches a new subspecies within the "Nonesuch" series under the title of "Speaking Personally." Among the celebrities to be featured in future issues of this type are the great lawyer, Lord Birkett, and Aldous Huxley; for its first Pye has chosen one of the most interesting and controversial figures of our time: the third Earl Russell, better known as Bertrand Russell, O.M., F.R.S., who, born almost ninety years ago, "rose from the ranks of the aristocracy" to become a brilliant exponent of mathematical logic and a fearless champion of a host of unpopular causes—from women's suffrage and free love to nuclear disarmament. This recording, made at his home in North Wales and punctuated by avian chirpings, the gentle clatter of teacups, and the distant sounds of a little branch-line railway, represents a fascinating survey of people and causes close to Russell's heart, full of reminiscences both serious and amusing, with John Chandos as an ideally self-effacing interviewer.

Argo is another company that has notably enriched the recorded repertoire devoted to the spoken word, but its December release offers several outstanding recordings of works by Benjamin Britten, none of which has hitherto been available on disc. No composer of our time can compare with Britten when he writes music for children; "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" has become a favorite concert item, while "Let's Make an Opera" has delighted countless children and their parents during the past twelve years. "Noye's Fludde," completed just four years ago and first heard at the 1958 Aldeburgh Festival, is the latest and, to my mind, the most enchanting work in this series; it differs from its predecessors in demanding a church setting and, above all, in assigning a major share in its performance to children. In this setting of the Chester Miracle Play, only the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Noah require professional singers while the words of God must be spoken by an adult voice; all the remaining parts—Noah's sons, their wives, and the large chorus of animals—must be undertaken by children. On the orchestral side, too, professional participation is limited to a string quintet, one recorder (whose flutter-tonguing imitation of the cooing dove is only one of countless felicities in this adorable and strangely moving score), one percussion player, piano duet and organ; the remainder of the orchestra is made up of a large body of strings (whose parts make only very modest technical demands), an army of recorders, bugles, percussion, etc.

It is as simple as that, but in Britten's hands all is magic and one only wishes the score were twice its length. The performance, conducted by Norman del Mar and with Owen Brannigan as Noah, seems just about ideal; Argo's Decca-engineered recording is superb as far as it goes, but the work really needs a further stereo dimension for the processional music to make its effect.

Hardly less important is another Argo disc devoted to Britten's three Canticles. The longest and most important of these is "Abraham and Isaac" (1952) for alto and tenor voices and piano. Originally performed by Kathleen Ferrier, Peter Pears, and the composer, it was scheduled for recording by Decca that same year, but Ferrier's fatal illness prevented her from completing the task. Last year, at a Wigmore Hall concert, Ferrier's original part was sung with outstanding success by John Hahessey, a chorister from Westminster Cathedral, and Argo deserves our thanks for perpetuating this beautiful performance in which Pears sings the part of Abraham and Britten is at the piano. The text of this Canticle, incidentally, is also derived from the Chester Miracle Plays; Canticle I, composed in 1947 for a concert in memory of the Reverend Dick Sheppard (the much-loved leader of England's pacifist movement), is a setting for tenor and piano of a seventeenth-century poem by Francis Quarles, while Canticle III—composed in 1954 and dedicated to the memory of pianist Noel Mewton-Wood—employs as its text a wartime poem by Edith Sitwell and is most imaginatively scored for tenor and piano with horn obbligato (Barry Tuckwell here plays the part originally performed by Dennis Brain).

BUT there is still more of Britten, for on a seven-inch Argo disc John Hahessey, accompanied by the composer, sings some charming songs written when Britten himself was barely out of his teens, while next month's Decca list features one of his newest works: the Cello Sonata composed for Rostropovitch and first performed by the celebrated Russian cellist with B.B. at this year's Aldeburgh Festival. Transatlantic admirers of England's leading composer may also be interested in the news that he is at present engaged in one of the major commissions of his career: a full-scale Requiem Mass for next spring's Coventry Festival (which will mark the dedication of the city's new cathedral). Three soloists who will help to launch the new work have already been announced—a remarkable trio by any standards: Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—and this Festival (at which new operas by Michael Tippett and Peter Racine Fricker will also be heard) could be among the most significant events in the 1962 musical calendar.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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# Secretary Goldberg

*Continued from page 41*

Metropolitan problem, Secretary Goldberg has touched on many outstanding matters, to constitute "guide lines" for future study and action: means of negotiating contract changes when the present agreement expires; vacation credits, in addition to other fringe benefits; severance pay and pension plan; grievance clause; development of plans for resumption of recording, from which the Metropolitan personnel (orchestra and chorus) have derived no income in recent years; "serious consideration of the enlistment of the services of a third party, on a more or less permanent basis, to join with them in the working out of their various relational problems."

Secretary Goldberg referred to the parties themselves "the precise terms of a grievance procedure" and also the "severance pay and pension plan issue" for further negotiations. Arbitration is provided for if such agreements cannot be reached: in the first instance after ninety days, in the second, after July 1, 1962.

Turning his attention to the French horn player whose re-engagement has been a subject of much comment, Secretary Goldberg observes that "the devotion of primary attention and emphasis in this proceeding to the important contract issues involved here has resulted in only an incomplete inquiry into and development of the facts of the Salomon case. There has not been, for example, that opportunity for direct examination of Salomon and of those responsible for his non-reengagement which would be necessary to determine conclusively what were the controlling reasons for his non-reengagement." He therefore designates "as arbitrator in this matter Mr. Theodore W. Kheel, of New York City."

WHEN the "inquiry into and development of the facts" recommended by Secretary Goldberg occurs, it may be hoped that they will clarify the matter more than it was at the last hearing, in October. In this context, it is appropriate to attach some comments by David I. Ashe, attorney for Local 802, on some comments of mine on that hearing, in *SR* October 28, 1961 (these are parts of a lengthier letter):

"Your statement that Salomon 'preferred not' and 'was reluctant to speak in his own behalf' are assumptions made by you which are directly contrary to the facts. Salomon was most anxious to testify in his own behalf. It was I who made the decision that kept him from doing so, much against his will. . . ."

In noting "one error" in the testimony of Seymour Berman, Mr. Ashe adds: "Berman's memory was faulty as to Salomon's not playing with Kurt Adler until the tour, but he *was entirely correct as to the point he was trying to make, namely, that Salomon did not play with Adler during the past season until after the conductor's meeting at which the decision was reached not to reengage Salomon*" (italics in original).

As to the broadcast performance of "Fidelio" mentioned in the October 28 article and Salomon's part in it, Mr. Ashe adds to my correction (written prior to the receipt of his letter) that "whatever other mistakes"—besides one made by Salomon — "were made by horns in that episode were done by the first horn player . . . and the third horn player . . . who listened only the other day to the Metropolitan's taped recording of the performance and who readily acknowledge the errors they made."

It was my essential point, on the basis of attendance at the hearing in question, that Secretary Goldberg could hardly arrive at a decision involving "artistic competence" on the kind of evidence provided (which, Mr. Ashe notes, was supplementary to the "voluminous written statements and documentary exhibits" previously submitted). Secretary Goldberg, in referring the matter to Mr. Kheel, reached the same conclusion.

AS to the secondary point of my own position on the question of Salomon's "artistic competence," my present position is that I have no position, the basis for my stated opinion having been found invalid.

Terminal to all the preceding should be consideration of Secretary Goldberg's opinion of the relationships of the Metropolitan management and the orchestra personnel as they came to his attention: "To have reviewed in detail this long series of specific issues, working out 'answers' to them one by one, is to have developed a deep conviction that there must be—and that there is—a better approach to the handling of the relationships between the Association and the members of the orchestra, represented by the Union. . . . Too many of the issues submitted to me in this proceeding are of the kind most employers and unions, having dealt together for forty years, would resolve without difficulty."

The heroic contribution Secretary Goldberg has made to the resolution of the "dilemma" and the conviction he states that "there is" a better approach to the relationship of mangement and musicians merits a real effort on *both* sides to avoid the last impasse the next time.


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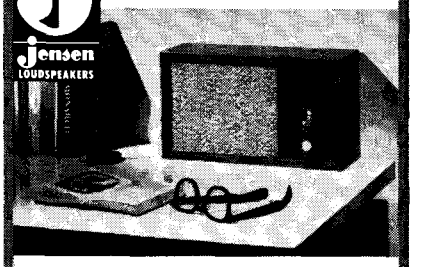


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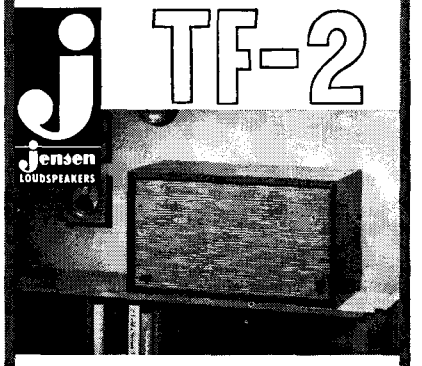


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## THE AMEN CORNER

### A Toast to Age and Beauty

BEFORE the year lures me on toward new jazz, I propose a salute to some of the older jazz people and the musical warmth and delight they are still able to provide. As previously noted here, the Riverside record series called "The Living Legends" has been showing us that New Orleans still affords fine groups of veterans playing in the spirit and style of the Twenties. Now the series has moved to the Windy City, and a new album of two LPs called "Chicago" (Riverside 389/390), in which all of the tracks were recorded last September, has left me grateful to all concerned.

They are, for the most part, colored players and singers of more than fifty years of age (some a good deal older). Few of them have been at all conspicuous since the Thirties or Forties. The nineteen performances vary considerably in quality, but there is a good deal of superior traditional jazz, and at least one masterpiece. This last is in the classic vein of the vigorous blues singer counterpoised against an eloquent brass man (shades of Bessie Smith with Joe Smith or Charlie Green or Louis Armstrong). Here the voice is the historic Alberta Hunter, singing "Downhearted Blues," with the punchy support of Jimmy Archey's trombone. This is the blues sung by a formidable spirit who conquers the disconsolate mood while she is singing about it, and the staccato comment of Archey's horn is decisive—what is elsewhere known as laying down the law. The program notes do not give Miss Hunter's present age, but Darnell Howard, the wonderful veteran clarinetist on the date, is said to have approached her at the studio with the greeting: "Weren't you dead?" "Downhearted Blues" is the same number with which Miss Hunter inaugurated the famous Paramount 12000 series of phonograph records some forty years ago. The recent session was also seasoned by the appearance at the piano of seventy-four-year-old Lovie Austin, early accompanist of the great Ma Rainey and Ida Cox, and by Pops Foster at the bass and Jasper Taylor at the drums. The album provides another irresistible bit of Hunter-Archey dialogue in "After All These Years," where Lovie Austin is replaced by Louis Armstrong's ex-wife and pianist, Lil Hardin Armstrong.

Hunter—"at least one masterpiece."

Another historic presence is Mama Yancey, now rumored to be eighty-four, the widow of the celebrated Jimmy Yancey, who played perhaps the most exquisitely pure blues piano in recorded jazz. With the pungent savor of earlier years, Mama Yancey sings "The Santa Fe Blues," with Little Brother Montgomery, piano; Sam Hill, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; and Earl Watkins, drums.

TO the older generations of jazz enthusiasts it must be disturbing to realize that Earl "Fatha" Hines is approaching sixty, just as ripened show music addicts will be unsettled by the realization that Cole Porter is nearly seventy. I followed Earl Hines through the days of his youth, as the incomparably counterrhythmic partner of Louis Armstrong, and into his late youth as the pianist-leader of a big band which was one of the seedbeds of be-bop. I heard him in his post-World War II resumption of traditional small band activity, with the dazzling combination which included Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and Big Sidney Catlett. Earl Hines is not what may be called a "modern" jazz pianist; his harmonic disposition, for one thing, does not tend that way. However, in two-handed rhythmic variety and elegance he has no equal that I know of in any of the jazz schools. He is an ideal man for the small transitional band, and there are two brief, teasing demonstrations of this fact in the "Chicago" album. In the classic "Sister Kate" and his own "Caution Blues" he is surrounded by first-rate company: Eddie Smith, trumpet; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Jimmy Archey,



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trombone; Pops Foster, bass; and Earl Watkins, drums. Here it might be noted that the present period of jazz, notable among other things for a lack of rising talent on the clarinet, has found one idol in that seemingly imperishable middle-aged man of the reed, Pee Wee Russell. He has an inventive wealth which allows him to play in all sorts of jazz contexts. I suspect that the same may be true of Darnell Howard; I am only one of many who regard him as among the finest traditional clarinetists; and his lovely work throughout this album makes me think that modern players might find him highly companionable. He is an important figure in the first of two excellent small bands that are represented: Al Wynn's Gutbucket Seven, and Little Brother Montgomery and Friends.

The album as a whole calls attention again to the speed of jazz history. It is often pointed out that within fifty years, in its own terms, jazz has moved from folk-musical beginnings to atonality and tone-row experiment. It is well known that many modern jazz men dislike, or have not become familiar with, the earlier jazz styles. I suspect that a thorough familiarity with all the outstanding styles would lead to enthusiasms among all of them. In other words, just as a fascination with Schoenberg and Webern can coexist with a love for Mahler and Haydn, so an addiction to Miles Davis and Charlie Parker can live with an allegiance to Alberta Hunter and Jimmy Archey and Darnell Howard. That, at least, is the happy state of affairs in this department. —WILDER HOBSON.

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# "Snow Maiden" by Tchaikovsky

"THE SNOW MAIDEN" by Tchaikovsky? Almost everybody who knows opera has heard of "Snegurochka" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, but almost nobody has heard about Tchaikovsky's music on the same subject. This recently resurrected work, performed by the USSR Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alexander Gauk, is a "collectors item" indeed, though even Zara Doloukhanova's excellent performance does not instill enough life into a bloodless work (Artia MK 213B, $11.98). The main trouble with Tchaikovsky's version is that it suffers from monotony. When in 1873 the "Small" theatre in Moscow was being renovated and the three companies—dramatic, ballet and opera—gave their performances at the "Bolshoi," one of the directors decided to produce a play, a fairy tale in which all the three companies could cooperate. Alexander Ostrovsky, the well-known Russian dramatist, was commissioned to write the play and Tchaikovsky to compose the incidental music. Tchaikovsky claimed that at that time he needed money (nothing particularly unusual) and therefore agreed to join this enterprise. Whether because he had some difficulty in keeping up with Ostrovsky's rapid writing and constant changes of the text, or because of lack of genuine inspiration, he used in this score some music from his earlier opera "Undine," which had been rejected by the Bolshoi. Altogether, he wrote nineteen numbers: an introduction and finale, choruses, entr'actes, songs, and dances, but despite the wide range of the composition, which offered a great variety of possibilities, not a single piece was worthy of his later pen.

The play received a rather tepid reception, and while some excerpts from his score were occasionaly played at concerts, the work as a whole was almost forgotten. Nine years later, when Tchaikovsky was unusually depressed because of his "bad season"—his opera "The Maid of Orleans" was not scheduled to be repeated, nor was his "Evgeny Onegin," nor were his Violin and G major Piano concertos played—Rimsky-Korsakoff's charming opera was winning the highest praise. Tchaikovsky wrote his publisher that he could cry with mortification, that it was as though someone had torn a piece off him and presented it to the public in a new and brilliant setting. And he added that Lyel (one of the principal characters in the opera) "will now sing new music to the old words."

To avoid ending on this sad note, I feel I should point out another newly resurrected Tchaikovsky item: the duet of Romeo and Juliet. It is beautifully sung by Sergei Lemeshev, Russia's leading tenor, and Tatiana Lavrova, a soprano of the Bolshoi (Monitor MC 2055, $4.98). Tchaikovsky always wanted to write an opera based on Shakespeare's drama, but he never did. However, using some material from his Overture, he did sketch out the duet, and Sergei Taneyev completed and orchestrated the composition after Tchaikovsky's death.

The same recording presents several songs by Mikhail Glinka. Although Glinka is primarily known for his operas, "A Life for the Tsar" and "Russlan and Ludmila," he has written a number of choral and vocal works. Most of them are unknown to the general Western public, and I feel that these selected seven songs would be particularly enjoyed by those who love Russian chorus singing. The Radio Ensemble of Songs, conducted by Serafina Popova, should be congratulated for its sensitive rendition especially of "Oh, Nightingale Be Silent" and "The Wind Howls," and Ivan Kozlovsky and the chorus and the orchestra of the Bolshoi for Glinka's "A Prayer," which suits so well Lermontov's poem "In Time of Need." —VICTOR SEROFF.

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## LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

### BRAVOS AND BRUCKNER

IRVING KOLODIN'S *major argument in* "Bravos for Bruckner" [*SR*, Dec. 16] has considerable force: the "bravo" has certainly depreciated in meaning. But the implication that Bruckner-Mahler partisans are significantly responsible seems unfair.

Applause—including the cry "bravo"—has never been restricted to the expression of approval merely of interpretation or performance. It has been as well a valuable means of expressing enthusiasm for the piece performed. This has been true especially of new and controversial works.

Bruckner's symphonies remain controversial. This fact alone would explain why they seem invariably so generously applauded: enthusiasm both for Bruckner and for his interpreters is being expressed. Moreover, the increasing interest of American audiences in Bruckner's works is a phenomenon of considerable musical significance. Curiously, however, live performances have not matched this growth of interest. Whenever the demand for something exceeds its supply, the consumer (or concertgoer) is less discriminating than otherwise he might be. This is especially true in music, where frequent hearing is necessary to the development of critical appreciation.

If an audience responded to a mediocre Beethoven Fifth with a "noisy outburst" such as Mr. Kolodin describes, one would necessarily question its sophistication. Until the day a Bruckner symphony is as well known as the Fifth, however, musical tradition justifies each "bravo" as a demand for more Bruckner. There seems to be *quite a lot of demand.*

NED K. HOPKINS.

Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Or, very concentrated.*

### BRUCKNER AND THE INTELLECTUALS

*Saturday Review* did balance your comments on Bruckner with those of Mr. Ringer, and still I'm not satisfied. It isn't that everyone has to like Bruckner or that, as a composer, he had no faults. It's the way you said things. For instance: I don't applaud the Eighth Symphony simply because Bruckner is "intellectually fashionable." One, I'm no intellectual; two, perhaps in your circles he's fashionable, but of the few near-intellectuals I've known, scarcely one cared much for Bruckner. I applaud (figuratively, that is) the Eighth Symphony with the same enthusiasm I've felt for Bruckner since the first time I ever heard him; several nonintellectual years later he has not worn thin. . . .

I don't rank Bruckner as a composer of the stature of Beethoven or Mozart (but such comparisons are sort of phony anyway). However, I don't think he can be ticked off just because some people talk about his "nobility" and "spirituality" and "humility" where such qualities seem to be lacking. I listen to the opening movement of the Sixth Symphony and none of these words comes to mind—no words, in fact, come to mind at all. If you scouted out more Bruckner admirers (if the thought doesn't seem too repellent) you might get different reactions from the ones you describe.

Indeed, speed is not "the answer to interest in Bruckner." But why did you make it sound a bit as though the arousing of this interest were a nearly insuperable problem? But I'm being too sensitive, no doubt. Your comments on unmerited applause and bravos at concerts were certainly justified.

STEVEN MOLL.

Urbana, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "balancing" was done by the Music Editor.*

### MONOS AND PHONOS

THOUGH IN THE main I agree with your comments on . . . Capitol's "duophonic" reprocessing of Beecham's Haydn, I must take issue with your statement that "any monophonic disc will sound better on a stereo unit."

I find that one must be constantly wary of the characteristics of individual cartridges and speaker units. Many older LPs that sound fine with my mono cartridge (VR II) are exposed as having edgy string tone and an overall lack of solidity by the more deeply probing talents of my stereo cartridge (Empire 108).

In the majority of cases your statement applies—but beware the exceptions.

WARREN E. WHEELOCK.

Rockford, Ill.

### THE SABAJNO-TOSCANINI "REQUIEM"

THE REVIEW in *SR* of December 2 by Winifred Cecil was most interesting. I am inclined to agree that the "most" of Verdi's Requiem in a modern recording is to be found in the Toscanini performance and this Russian performance really sounds interesting in spite of the glories of its competitors. I have also been inclined to wonder how Russian artists were to find the time and energy for political and ideological "platforming." Like artists elsewhere, I'll bet they leave that to those who really know the business.

I am afraid however, that Miss Cecil overlooked a very important Requiem recording in her investigation of those extant, the first one to be recorded electrically, in fact. I am referring to the version done at La Scala during March, 1929, Toscanini's last season there. This performance is certainly superior to all the others that have come out since then; in spots and in the quality of the soloists, even superior to the Toscanini performance. But this is not surprising since it was recorded at a time when the Maestro had been performing it and features his own orchestra, chorus, and his chosen "Maestro Sostituto," Carlo Sabajno (Toscanini did not record during his years in Italy as he considered the process unsatisfactory and his productions could be preserved only in this fashion).

The soloists featured Pinza, superior

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GERARD DARROW.

Bellingham, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Mr. Darrow comments, it is not available on LP.*

## GROOVES AND GRIPES

I SEEM TO HAVE come in late regarding the controversy in your column over recording surfaces. I hope I'm not too late, however, to hurl a few poxes at the major recording companies, especially RCA Victor.

A couple of years ago my wife and I were living in our usual poverty in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when we wangled tickets to a Boston Symphony performance of Berlioz's Requiem Mass, Opus 5. We were stunned by it—the most nearly perfect performance of music we had ever heard. When the recording came out we ate beans and cut the cat's milk ration to buy the set. I had to take *four* copies of it back to the record dealer to find one that wasn't marred. I noted that the dealer had a stack of rejected sets over three feet high in his back room. . . .

My big gripe is the skipped groove; closely followed by scratches. Scratches always seem to come during a quiet passage.

Columbia is about as bad as RCA as far as I'm concerned; and I imagine the other companies are guilty of bad surfaces, too, from what my friends tell me. My luck with the others has been good.

This is a major problem which the record companies will solve only under the weight of public opinion. . . .

DAVID J. HATMAKER.

Strasburg, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps there is a problem here of "quality control" for which the manufacturers have an answer. If so, SR has the space.*

# Telemann

*Continued from page 51*

sound of the instruments, which include two kinds of recorder, two kinds of lute, viola d'amore, viola da gamba, and tenor-gamba, as well as flute, oboe, bassoon, and harpsichord. In the D minor Quartet for recorder, flute, oboe, and continuo (the continuo consisting of bassoon, viola da gamba, bass lute, and harpsichord) the imaginative playing of oboist Hermann Töttcher is outstanding.

On ARC-3119 Adolf Scherbaum, the brilliant Hamburg trumpeter, is soloist in a D major concerto for trumpet and strings and one in the same key for trumpet, two oboes, and continuo. The incomparable Töttcher is featured in two quartets in G major, one for flute, oboe, violin, and continuo, the other substituting recorder for flute in the same lineup. Both the concerti are also recorded by Roger Voisin in Kapp's trumpet series, but the quartets are not otherwise available.

Töttcher plays both oboe and oboe d'amore on ARC-3109, the latter in a concerto in E flat for flute, oboe d'amore, viola d'amore and strings. The Concerto in B flat for three oboes, three violins, and continuo is played in Töttcher's own edition. The other two concerti on this disc are one in E minor for recorder, flute, strings, and continuo and one of the most unusual of the lot, for four violins without accompaniment in D.

The fourth Archive disc, ARC-3011, may not be everyone's cup of Telemann, but, in addition to its charm and easygoing humor, it is of historical and possibly sentimental interest, for it is the only recording now current by Professor Fritz Stein. Professor Stein, who conducts his own edition of the comic cantata "Der Schulmeister" (basso, boys' choir, and chamber orchestra), was one of this century's most distinguished musicologists, the editor of many scores of Telemann, Johann Christian Bach and the discoverer of the so-called Jena Symphony attributed to Beethoven. Two brief solo cantatas for boy soprano are also on the record. The annotation here provides the only disappointment in the series.

Those who have been dismayed by the deletion of so much interesting material from the catalogues during the last few years may take heart from the "Telemann Renaissance." For one who has frequently decried the apparent willfulness of the withdrawals, it is especially gratifying to say "thank you" to those companies that have given us this high concentration of happy music-making, excellent sound, and meaningful musical scholarship.

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# Direction for the West

*Continued from page 12*

much and lead too little. The fanatical lobby may exercise pressure beyond its proper weight. But these risks are not the risks of total government. On the contrary, they illustrate the sensitiveness with which the views of the citizens are checked and courted. The computer does not wipe out the unit. It enables the smallest unit to be registered and weighed.

Even the growing importance of international decisions does not necessarily deprive the ordinary citizen of controls and safeguards he once enjoyed. Thanks to television and the press, he can now—if he will—be better informed about the world scene than he was, forty years ago, about his own country. His views, whether they be mature or irresponsible, are constantly sought by eager pollsters and become one of the factors that influence statesmen in their decisions. And since the facts upon which to base decisions are so much more accessible than ever before, it is not surprising to find that even over the gravest international issues, the influence of citizens outside government has its effect. The picture of a vast, passive, mass electorate manipulated by government is a caricature of the West today. Citizen opinion has probably never been livelier or more listened to. Alert, well-informed groups these days have a wholly new leverage upon public opinion and hence upon public affairs.

THAT the quality and responsibility of the citizens themselves determine the role they can play can be illustrated from the other end of the political spectrum—decision-making in units of government so small that no threat of hugeness or distance or strangeness inhibits the ordinary voter. Where in Western politics today do elections most often tend to produce unrepresentative and unfortunate results? The answer is not in doubt. Municipal politics tend to be more open to corruption, trade union elections tend to be most rigged. There is no excuse here that issues are remote or candidates unknown. The point is simply apathy. Again and again—in Britain, in Australia, in America—extremists or dishonest leaders have been able to manipulate a trade union election because they did not go home to look at television and the majority of their fellow workers did. And how many cities tolerate graft-ridden, boss-ridden government because citizens, unlike the recent reform group in New York City, are too indifferent to organize and vote the grafters out of power?

No, the citizen of today is not the voiceless, faceless man of the modern anti-Utopias. He can influence government at every level—directly by participation in honest local politics and by choosing men of integrity to represent him at higher levels; indirectly by the views he holds, the courage with which he holds them, the letters he writes to his elected representatives, the lobbies he supports, even the replies he makes to pollsters. From the sum of his activities and those of his fellow citizens emerges the picture of the nation—informed or ignorant, reactionary or bold, mean or generous, scared or unafraid. And at no time in history has so much depended upon the quality of his response.

We know what is profoundly at stake in this epoch of total scientific upheaval and of Communism's efforts to exploit the upheaval for its own advantage. It is quite simply the freedom of man. But it is not enough to state the truism. Freedom can mean so many things—freedom not to worry, freedom to enjoy myself in my own way, freedom to abstain from politics, freedom from foreign entanglements, freedom "to do what I like with my own." No doubt these liberties are included within the definition of a free society. But it is clear that they are not the sum of freedom as it has been strenuously lived in the Western world. Nor do they make up a picture of freedom that can survive the even more strenuous challenge of the present age.

The freedom we defend is a freedom that has flowered in the West as the crown of a complex tradition. One element in it is a liberating sense of creativeness. From our Jewish heritage we learned to see history not as an iron destiny but as an unfolding drama in which man could engage in a creative dialogue with the living God. As a result, the West never succumbed to the pessimistic vision of history as an eternal recurrence, a "melancholy wheel." All things could be "made new." Progress was written into the evolutionary basis of creation. For all his sins and betrayals, man could cooperate in the building of a better world. To lose that sense of creative purpose, to believe that our present stage—even with shining suburbs and the barbecue pit—is man's "last, best end," would be to destroy the fundamental creativeness of Western freedom. It leads us forward, not back.

Our tradition has had, too, its roots in a universal aspiration. The God of the Jews was not a tribal god but the God of all mankind; in Christianity the ideal of human brotherhood knew "neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free." And at every great turning point in Western thought, men have felt that the discoveries they made or the institutions they devised were the patrimony of the whole human family. The American experiment itself was, for its greatest leaders, a portent for humanity, "man's last, best hope," the promise that the burdens would one day be lifted from all mankind. Today, when world society is an inescapable need, it would be a betrayal of our deepest drives to deny that it can be organized in freedom.

ABOVE all, alone in human history, our tradition of freedom is based on the belief that all men must share its benefits and that the foundation of true freedom can be found only in justice. The rights and woes of the disinherited have thundered out in our society from the days of the first Jewish prophet down to the last of them, Karl Marx. That salvation for the rich depends upon compassion for the poor has been the inescapable lesson of the Gospels through two millenia. Today, for the first time in human history, our Christian duty—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked—can be physically and actually fulfilled. Modern science provides the material resources to do precisely this. Therefore to leave disease, starvation, and misery untended is now, for the rich nations, a matter of choice. They have a new freedom added to the dimensions of their liberty—they can choose to end or not to end the servile poverty of their fellow men.

It is no coincidence that Communism claims each of these Western traditions for its own. It claims to remake heaven and earth, it claims a universal brotherhood, it claims to offer abundance and equality to all the children of men. We may know how much is specious and corrupted in its claims. But what will our claim to freedom look like if the world sees it to be uncreative, isolationist, and locked up in its own selfish wealth? The Western citizen of today, if he is to face the world's crisis of freedom, cannot ignore the deepest ideals of his own free tradition. He must wish to "recreate the face of the earth." He must see the human race as one brotherhood. He must set his abundance to work to end other people's misery and want. In this spirit, freedom will conquer. Without it, freedom hardly deserves the name.



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# Mars

*Continued from page 19*

first limited to rescue of Americans, was soon drawn into the combat in which, in turn, it instantly established its own vast superiority over the North Koreans. The U. S. flyers also maintained that superiority so completely that Mr. Futrell gives FEAF major credit for ultimate victory, but also points out warningly that "such an ineffective employment of enemy forces could not be used as a valid planning factor for future air operations" in which the United States might face a far more potent foe.

With no reservations whatever Mr. Futrell concludes that air power proved "the decisive factor in the outcome of the ground battle." He indicates also that had the High Command better understood Air Force doctrine, and thus permitted the Far East Air Force to work earlier and harder and longer on interdiction, the United Nations victory would have come earlier and more easily. (The tactical air missions include, first of all, gaining of air superiority in the battle area, then air-interdiction, which hampers the enemy's movements and batters his supplies, then close-support of ground forces.) The timing of interdiction, and relating it closely to intensified ground battle, the Air Force recognizes as vital. In Mr. Futrell's spirited criticism of the High Command is repeated indication that "many ground officers did not appreciate interdiction," or, for that matter, other air techniques or capabilities or requirements. There is pointed quotation of some odd orders from General Douglas MacArthur's staff, and of the General's own post-war conclusion that "it is quite evident to anybody that is acquainted with war that determined ground troops cannot be stopped alone by air." Mr. Futrell's citations certainly indicate that they can be profoundly discouraged, at least.

As a lively and readable record of events this is a useful survey, whose occasional service partisanship is probably inevitable. As a guide to the military—chiefly on what must surely be done more efficiently in some less "peculiar war" of the future—it could be of a substantial value.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1452

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. Considered the greatest historian of antiquity (fl. 5th cent. B.C.).

B. The wild pansy.

C. How the two hearts were beating in Browning's "Meeting At Night" (3 wds.).

D. Specifying bills of exchange which are due on presentation to the payer (2 wds.).

E. An advance price named as likely the lowest possible (2 wds.).

F. The bharal.

G. Describing the infant Gargantua as he grew and grew (2 wds.).

H. In general, the business district of a city.

I. Contained by an orb (3 wds.).

J. In the highest degree of taste or skill (3 wds.).

K. Round.

## WORDS

141 163 8 117 90 20 179 145 75 41

74 185 143 206 133 54 26 119 17 103

11 130 29 200 61 159 171 92 15 109

212 32 81 25 203 137 146 46 7 69

149 49 121 89 34 27 169 197 205 128 154

178 63 198 42 167 12

30 97 4 36 58 9 182 210 136 158 67 150

165 118 184 140 48 174 35 153

71 147 2 183 186 204 53 134 110

100 180 6 88 80 68 45 95 139 5

13 209 10 111 173 59 44 28 40

## DEFINITIONS

L. Plant often cultivated for its long white-ribbed leaves and pampaslike plumes, (2 wds.; *Erianthus ravennae*).

M. During some epoch (3 wds.).

N. One who clings faithfully to a cause.

O. Mortal tenure (3 wds.).

P. London suburb where A. Pope had his villa.

Q. Point some distance below the top of a mast, used as a signal point (comp.).

R. The last order (traditionally) on Mt. Suribachi (3 wds.).

S. Reign of English King Charles II.

T. Important small country lying between two larger, usually rival, ones (2 wds.).

U. Accretion of fat (which ends in a point).

V. Impart renewed vitality to.

## WORDS

99 187 114 86 14 64 201 151 172 33 142 79

84 160 127 202 96 116 135

211 191 193 94 155 57 181 87

131 39 55 189 16 113 104 83 19 168 51

108 125 66 52 102 208 72 91 156 3

76 164 132 82 65 192 101 107 43

123 176 161 138 157 47 50 199

112 129 188 31 195 62 23 124 21 148 144

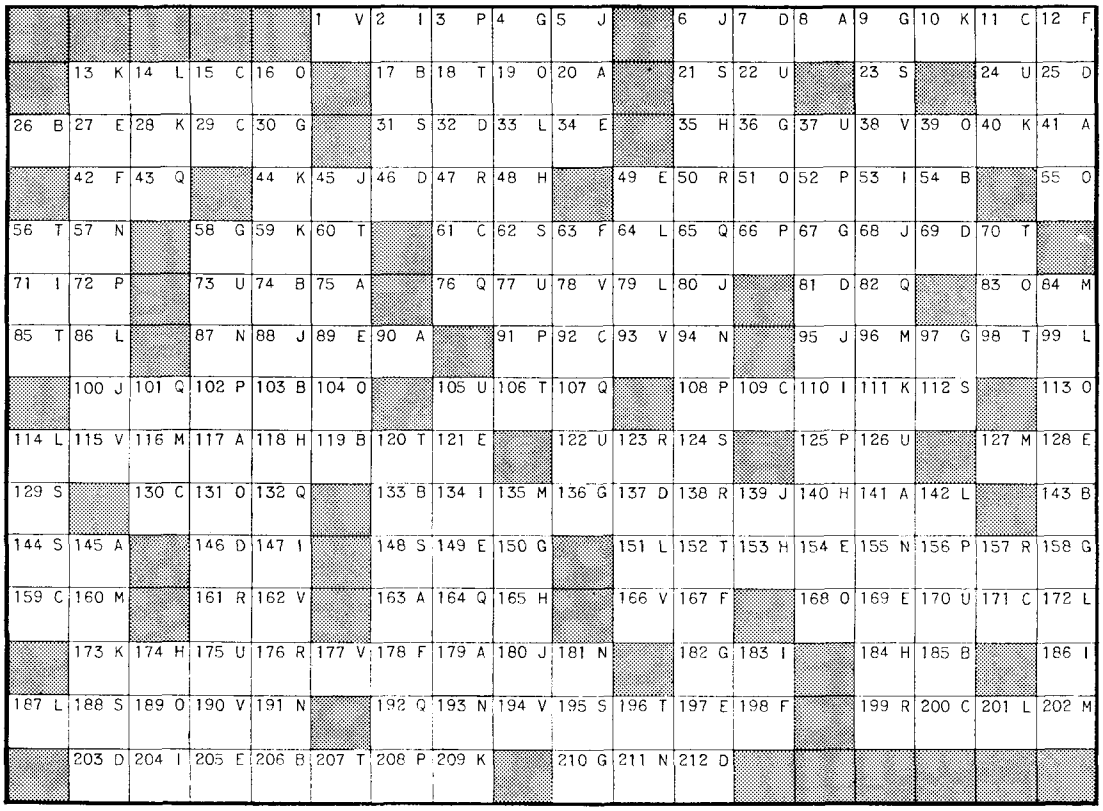
207 196 106 85 98 56 70 120 18 60 152

126 175 122 105 22 24 77 37 170 73

194 115 1 78 93 162 166 177 38 190

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.**



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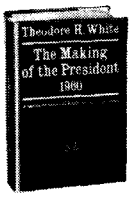


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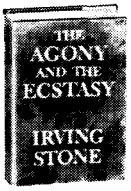


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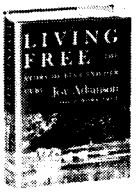


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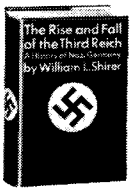


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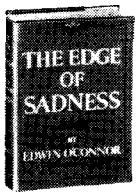


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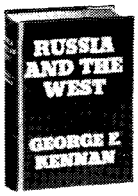


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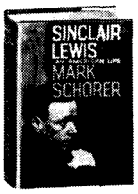


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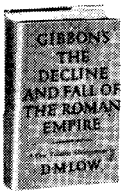


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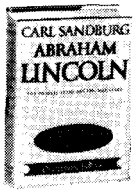


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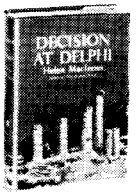


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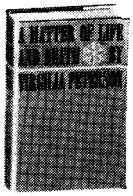

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